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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.



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M E M O I R S

O F T H E

Chevalier PIERPONT.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in
Pall-Mall.

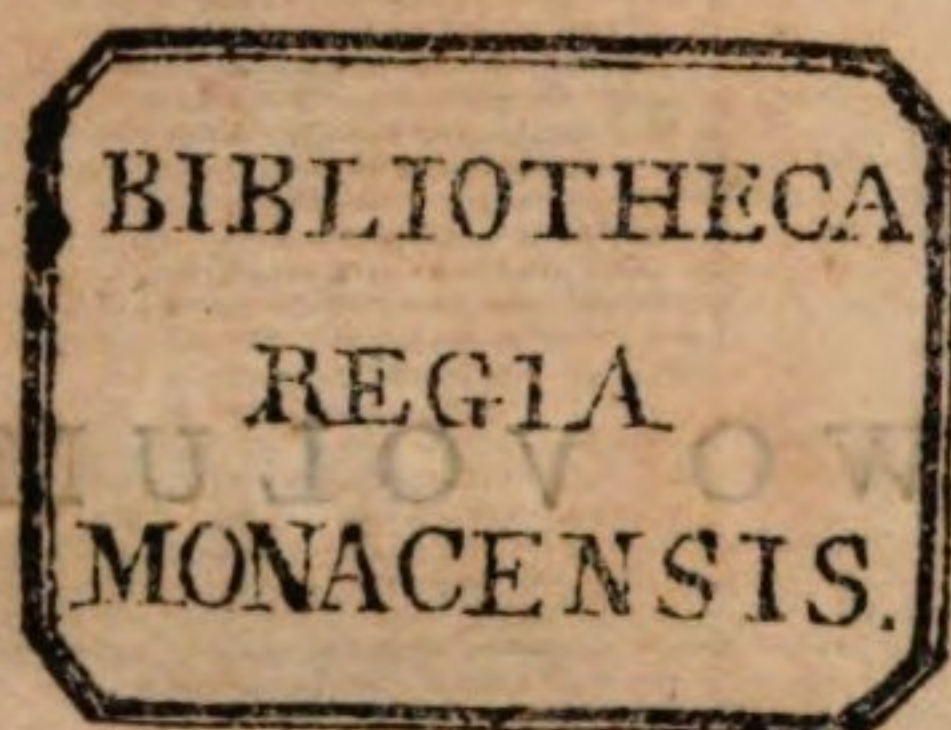
MDCCLXIII.

to M^r. Haering.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier Pierpont.



VOLUME THE FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. Doderley in
Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXIII.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.



CHAP. I.

AT the time of the conquest of the kingdom of Valencia, 1704, I was born at a pleasant seat of my father's near Bristol. My father was knight of Santa Seraphina, a Mexican order, with which one of the vice-kings

VOL. I.

B

had

had honoured him and his son, who should succeed him; the vice-king being a near relation of my mother's, who was descended from a younger branch of a noble family in the kingdom of Granada. My father was unfortunately killed at Barcelona, and my mother did not long survive him. As I had a right to the ornamental mark of the order of Santa Seraphina, it was put on me in my childhood; and thenceforward, I was always stiled The Young Chevalier Pierpoint. I had an uncle, a merchant, at Bristol. Though my father and he had differed in political opinions, *that* had not hindered a great harmony from subsisting always between

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 3

tween them in other things. My uncle was grown rich by traffic, and as he did not seem inclined to marry, it was more than probable, that I should be heir to his riches. He was left my guardian, and he fulfilled that charge with the greatest honour. He took possession of my father's country house, and bred me up under the care of private tutors till I was seventeen. From that time to the age of three-and-twenty, I spent my time in country diversions, reading and acquiring the several languages of Europe, of which I became a perfect master. When I was full three-and-twenty, my uncle sent me to Paderborn in

B 2

Germany,

4 M E M O I R S of the
Germany, to be some time with
an excellent philosopher, his friend,
whose name was Swenitz. He was
a Swiss by birth, had acquired a
genteel subsistence, having been
travelling governor to two or three
German counts and barons, who
had made his fortune. My uncle
had got acquainted with him,
when he was upon a tour through
England, having transacted some
money affairs for the young count,
with whom he then travelled.

I went to Paderborn very will-
ingly, being pleased with the
thoughts of seeing a foreign coun-
try, and having the company of a
man so eminent, as I was told, in
polite learning. And, indeed, I

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 5

found him a very pleasant, as well as instructive companion. I had a natural turn to poetry, which he likewise loved ; and he instilled into me besides, a taste for gardening. Upon the side of a wood, about half a mile from his house, which stood a little out of the town, he had inclosed a spot of about three acres, where he had built a summer-house, and made walks and arbours. The large trees of that part, which he had inclosed, had been cut down some time before ; and now there was a number of young plants flourishing, and great plenty of strawberries. The old beeches beyond the enclosure, sheltered it from the

6 M E M O I R S of the
north-winds, and presented a
gloom, that was very pleasing both
to the eye and ear, being filled with
several sorts of birds, thrushes,
gold-finches, shooting across the
walks, besides a number of squir-
rels, leaping from branch to branch
with surprising agility, amongst the
verdure of the leaves.

I had been now about a month
with the philosopher; when sitting
one afternoon in the summer
house, enjoying the scene about
me, and reading the entertaining
Ariosto, on a sudden I was surpris-
ed with the sight of two women
passing by the window. One of
them seemed the mistress, the other
the attendant. The lady appeared
about

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 7

about the age of one or two-and-twenty. She was dressed in a very genteel manner, though her gown was only a plain silk of a grave colour. She had something serious in her countenance, but at the same time great sweetness. Her hair was of a bright brown; her height somewhat exceeding the middling stature of her sex; and her motion and step were graceful. I had time to take a full view of her, as she stopped near my summer-house to look about her. I thought her a very charming object, and laid my book down to gaze upon her, from where I sat unseen. I could not imagine how they got there, because nobody had the key of the

only B 4 enclosure,

enclosure, but myself and the gardener, who looked after it; and I had strictly charged him not to let any body have it without acquainting me with it. I found myself by a secret attraction drawn from my summer-house, to meet the lady as she returned. Accordingly we met upon the turning of one of the walks. She seemed in some surprise, and said, she did not imagine I was there, otherwise she should not have interrupted me. Madam, I replied, so agreeable an interruption cannot but be welcome every where; I wish you may find any thing in this hermitage worthy your attention. I think, answered she, it is one of
the

the most agreeable places I ever beheld. I had often heard in my absence from this part of the country, of the improvements lately made here in this wood, and had great curiosity to see them. You see from hence that square stone house, about a mile from the town; there I live, when in this country; and am called the countess of Polinetz. I was extremely glad to hear that was the lady's name, for the philosopher Swenitz had highly commended her to me, and gave me a great desire to be acquainted with her. The count had married her, when she was but sixteen, and about three months after was called away
to

to the West Indies, to take possession of an estate left him by an uncle.—Upon his return, he was cast away near Cape Verde Islands, as it was certified, and drowned, with much riches. It was now seven years since she had lost him, and had lived in great retirement.

After having told me who she was, she thus proceeded: Having much curiosity, as I said, to see the improvement, I got my gardener to procure me the key from yours; and hither I came this afternoon, as it were by stealth, not expecting to find any body, as I had been assured that philosopher Swenitz and you were gone to a gentleman's seat for a few days. I dare say, the
phi-

philosopher, who was an intimate friend of my father's, but whom I have not seen a long time, will pardon my curiosity, because he knows I have great pleasure in every thing of this nature. I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most enchanting delights of life. A garden, said I, madam, was the habitation of those who lived in the Golden Age.

In discoursing on the scenes about us, we passed through divers walks, in order to take a view of the several parts of the verdant retreat. At length we arrived, insensibly, at the pavilion. I presented her with a seat to repose her-

herself, and produced some tokay, pastillios, and fruits.

Madam, said I, I am charmed with having an opportunity of entertaining you in my hermitage. The philosopher Swenitz, with whom I have been this month, has often mentioned you, during that space of time, with great honour; and I blame myself for want of curiosity, in not endeavouring to see so much beauty before. These last words escaped me unawares, and caused her to blush, though she did not seem at all displeased. She turned the discourse, and, looking out upon the prospect, said :—We are here amongst both the sweet and noble scenes of Nature,

ture, and have a rich prospect of Divine bounty. Our senses are feasted with their true objects; whereas in cities objects are to me less pleasing, because less natural. Pleasure, I replied, looks here, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; in cities, like a painted, false, glittering fair.

I wonder, said she, people should complain of a country life, as wanting entertainment. They know not how to spend their time. The least thought of solitude affrights them; and yet, surely, solitude is sometimes pleasing.

A great part of mankind, answered I, have but little relish for any but violent pleasures. The
calm

14 M E M O I R S of the
calm and innocent pleasures of the
country suit them not. The mind
must be in an innocent and tran-
quil state, before it can be sensible
of rural beauties. Place, for in-
stance, an ambitious person in the
finest scene imaginable, amongst
the most beautiful variety of
orange, myrtle, pomegranate, lau-
rel-trees, a profusion of flowers,
whose fragrances embalm the air,
the music of nightingales, bleat-
ing flocks feeding on green pas-
tures, divided by shining rivulets ;
in a word, such a scene as Ariosto
here could describe : all these are
fine things, indeed ; but there is
no intrigue in them, no bustle, no
pageantry. And how shameful is
it

it to complain, that our time lies heavy upon our hands, when there are so many innocent diversions to fill up the empty spaces of it! Music, painting, architecture, gardening, reading instructive and entertaining authors, will do it usefully and pleasantly. A person, answered she, that has a taste for these things, seems to me like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish for those arts. For my part, I have been used to the country for a long time;—gardening, planting, music, reading—have been my principal employments;—whence I have never felt any thing of that tedious lonesomeness some complain of.

Fair countess, said I, your happiness is to be envied. I imagine, you must have a delightful garden, since you take so much pleasure in one. My garden, answered the countess, consists of but a few acres: its form is very irregular; but the bounds of it appear no where. It is planted with all manner of fruit trees and flowers; even with all those flowers I can pick up in the fields, provided they are beautiful. The birds have a peaceful receptacle in it; and having fruits, springs, and shade, never forsake it: so that, in the season, my walks are filled with a constant quire of natural music. And with *that* I think myself well repaid for
my

my fruit, to which they are very welcome, though I take care always to partake with them. In some places my garden is embellished with parterres, and the inventions of art : in others, it grows in a wild luxuriance. Betwixt the garden and my house is a pleasant grove, with vistas and alleys, thro' which you have a prospect of the garden. The place is fanciful enough ; and affords me variety of delight : one in particular, which is the seeing the effects and improvements of my own care ; to be always gathering some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding ; to see my garden covered with beautiful creatures of my

own rearing. And, if you are an admirer of ruins, at some distance, on your right hand, you have the ruins of an old castle, of considerable extent. I had once the ruins of an antient Gothic cathedral ; but as I could not afford to repair it, I took out what remained of the painted glass windows, which were very fine, and put the painting into my chapel : then I ordered the whole ruin to be pulled down, and in its room I planted a grove, whose profound solitude is cheared by the warblings of a great number of singing birds, which I have brought up there in a large aviary ; with whom the citterns often join their music.

All this she uttered with so enchanting a sound of voice, and engaging a manner, that I felt myself as much charmed with her good sense, as I was before dazzled with her beauty.

Presently came to my mind those lines of the poet—

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd.

I was about to testify my admiration of her taste, when we were interrupted by the cry of hounds in the forest, and the shouts of hunters, mixed with French horns.

C H A P. II.

TH E countess's attendant went out, and, looking over the inclosure, soon brought us word, that she knew them, by their huntsmens liveries, to be the barons of Dundrum and Gratz. The countess immediately got up: These gentlemen, said she, live at their castles about ten miles off. You shall be welcome, added she, to take your revenge of me, for this intrusion, by coming to see my rural habitation. I highly esteem the philosopher Swenitz, and should be glad to have his advice concerning something I am about, in the plantation way. I answered, that

that she did us both honour; and that it would be the greatest satisfaction to me imaginable, to have the pleasure of waiting on her, while I was in that country. I conducted her to the gate of the plantation, and took my leave.

In the mean time, I heard the French horns sound the death of a wild boar, and went into the forest to see it. The first person I met was the baron of Dundrum himself. I accosted him with civility; and having made myself known to him, as a friend of the philosopher's, with whom he was very well acquainted, I invited him and the other baron to taken some refreshment after their sport. He accepted the invitation, and, call-

ing to the baron of Gratz, they both entered with me into the plantation. The philosopher had told me, that they were men of sense, well read in history and the Roman classics, and great lovers of wild boar hunting.

Having set some wine before them, the discourse naturally turned upon hunting, I told them, that, tho' I seldom took the diversion, I looked upon it as an excellent exercise. At this, the baron of Dundrum's countenance brightened, and he cried out,

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron

Taygetique canes.———

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata
remugit.

Cithæ-

Cithæron echoes with the tuneful cry
Of hounds, and hunting music's symphony.

What more conducive to the preservation of health, and the maintaining perpetual chearfulness and serene joy in the mind! We generally take our repast by the side of the forest, amidst continual flourishes on the French horns. This noble diversion serves to keep up social freedom and harmony amongst us. The baron went on in this strain to commend hunting, and concluded with these verses—

Interea mistis lustrabo Mænala nymphis;
Aut acres venabor apros, non me ulla
vetabunt

Frigora Parthenios canibus circundare saltus.

24 M E M O I R S of the

Over Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the
savage race ;

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and
hounds,

To thrid the thicket, or to leap the mounds.

In the winter season, I have a
furtout made of the skin of the
shaggy filken-haired goat, that is
bred in Angora *.

An huntsman, in the mean time,
was ordered to bring in the boar's
head. It came attended by four
French horns : the tusks were for-
midable, and as white as ivory.
This the barons made a present of

* I imagine the baron here was mistaken,
and that he meant the goats of the island
of Zea in the Archipelago, whose hair is
impenetrable to the rain.

to me. After much discourse about the size of it, and the ferocity of its appearance, we fell to drinking; and the baron of Gratz having taken off his scarlet hunting cap, embroidered with gold, I perceived his hair to be of different colours: the fore-part was of a bright yellow, or golden colour; the hinder part quite blue. I was surprised to see so strange a head of hair, and took the liberty to ask him whether it had been always so. He told me, that his hair was naturally of the golden hue; but that a Greek woman, attempting to change it to a hyacinthin colour, had made it light azure. I told him, I very much admired it, and thought it as beautiful as it was extraordinary.

The sun now setting, the barons invited me to partake, some day, of the forest sport ; which having promised to do, they returned home, their French horns sounding as they traversed the forest.

One of my servants being come, I ordered him to carry home the boar's head ; and went away from my hermitage, extremely pleased with the adventures of the day. But the shape and air of the countess, together with the charms of her voice and conversation, had made a sensible impression upon me. I felt the greatest longing to see her again, and resolved to do so the next day. When I came home, I told the philosopher what had happened to me in the enclosure,

sure, and how the countess had invited him and me to go and see her at her house. I never made her a visit in my life, said he; she admits of but few men visitants, and they are chiefly her late husband's relations, with whom she was acquainted before his fatal voyage to the Indies. I am glad of an opportunity to bring you acquainted with her, for there are several things worth seeing at her house; but still I am in some apprehension for you. For me? said I; upon what account? Do you think, answered he smiling, that you have strength of resolution enough to resist the charms of so beautiful a woman? She is a countess indeed, but I know your uncle intends a
much

much richer match for you. Her charms, no doubt, said I, are very engaging, but I think myself proof against them. Well, said the philosopher—take care of yourself. You are young, and the countess is amiable.—

Golden the beams which Phœbus throws,
Yet oft they strike with fatal heats,
Whose blood with them once tainted glows,
Too late he to cool shades retreats.

C H A P. III.

I Went to bed, but my head was so full of the lovely countess, that I could not close my eyes in sleep till about morning. Then falling into a slumber, I instantly began to enter into a pleasing dream. Methoughts I was in one of the most delicious islands in the world, a delightful solitude. Such as I had been reading of in Ariosto, the preceding afternoon—

Culte pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose rive, e prati molli.

Vaghi boschetti di soavi allori,
Di palme, e di amenissime mirtelle

Cedri, e aranci, c'havean frutti e fiori,
Contessi in varie forme e tutte belle

Facean

30 MEMOIRS of the

Facean riparo a i fervidi calori,
 De' giorni estivi con lor speffi ombrelle,
 E tra quei rami con ficuri voli
 Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli
 Tra le purpuree rose, e bianchi gigli,
 Che tepida aura freschi ogn' hora serba,
 Securi se vedean lepri e conigli,
 E cervi con la fronte alta e superba,
 Senza temer ch' alcun gli uccida, ò pigli,
 Pascano, ò stiansi ruminando l' herba.
 Saltano i daini, e i capri snelli e destri,
 Che sono in copia in quei luoghi campestri.

ARIOSTO, Canto Sesto.

Green pastures, hills that breath'd the fresh'ning air,
 Clear rivers, shady banks, and meadows fair.

Here divers groves there were, of pleasant shade,
 Of palms, or orange-trees, of cedars tall,

Of sundry fruits and flowers, that never fade,
 The shew was fair, the plenty was not small.

And arbours in the thickest places made,
 Where little light, and heat came none at all,

Where

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 31

Where nightingales did strain their little throats,
Recording still their sweet and pleasant notes.

Amid the lilly white, and fragrant rose,
Preserv'd still fresh by warm and temp'rate air.

The fearful hare, with joy and pleasure goes,

The stag, with stately head and body fair,
Doth feed secure, not fearing any foes,

That to his damage hither may repair;
The buck and doe doth feed amid the fields,

As in great store the pleasant forest yields.

Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

While I was considering the beauties of the place about me, methoughts, from a bower of rose-trees and myrtle, the countess, goddess-like, came towards me, and said, with pleasant look, Welcome to this my solitude; and called me by my name. All ravished with the sight of her, I forgot the respect due to her loveliness, and ran hastily

ly

ly to embrace her in my arms and kiss her, when on a sudden, she became a tree, all covered over with blushing buds and blossoms, whose fragrances so affected my senses, that I seemed to die away, and then a great clap of thunder awaken'd me. I tried to sleep again, in order, if possible, to have a continuance of my dream, but to no purpose. I got up and dressed myself: and was more careful than usual in setting off my person to the best advantage. I put on a fine blue cloth coat, with gold trimmings and tassels, and a hat with a black feather in it. After having thus dressed myself, I went to breakfast in the library, where I found the philosopher sitting in his scarlet banyan, with

with a cap of fables. Well, said he, I see you are prepared for your visit by your dress. I am, answered I, and if you please, we will go as soon as breakfast is over. We sat down to our coffee; when the philosopher, addressing himself to me, said, Since we are going to see this lady, I think it will be agreeable to you, to know her history; her birth and fortunes. I answered, he could not oblige me more. Having finished our coffee, he laid a map of Germany upon the table well coloured, then began in this manner :

The countess of Polinetz is the daughter of a Turkey merchant of Hamborough, named Marandon, of a good family in England. He

34 M E M O I R S of the
had lived in a very magnificent manner, and his expences, together with several losses of ships, reduced him to a small income. Finding himself neglected by those, whom he had greatly obliged during his prosperous condition, he retired to a small house and farm, which he had yet near the Hartz-forest. There he lived a solitary life with his wife Melesinda, an Italian lady, who had settled at Carinthia. She was a woman of a very agreeable person and aspect, had many acquired accomplishments, suitable to her softer sex; was endowed with a sprightliness of wit, with excellent good sense, and a noble mind; her beauty, and her birth, (for she was of the family of the Colonna's)

Colonna's) had made several barons court her, but she preferred Marandon to them all. And indeed, he was well deserving of her choice, being a very accomplished person. This couple, whose virtue and friendship for the space of many years, were the reciprocal cause of their mutual felicity, now began to prove each other's unhappiness, by reason of the tenderness they had for each other. Marandon assured me (for I was intimate with him towards the latter end of his life) that he could have borne his misfortunes without reluctance, had they fallen on himself only, and not on Melesinda. On the other hand, Melesinda's griefs were encreased, by her perceiving that

the encreased Marandon's. Their chief comfort was placed in their two children, both beautiful. The son's name was Cœurleon; the daughter's Melesinda, being so called after her mother. Cœurleon, though very young, began to discover a great deal of courage and strength. He would ramble in the forests with the huntsmen amidst the snows, and had an excellent hand at shooting a stag or a wild boar. Together with this exercise he joined reading, and drawing plans of fortification, in which he took great delight. Young Melesinda, on the other hand, was instructed by her mother in all the arts of embroidering, needle-work, in music, and painting landscapes
in

in miniature. She learned from her also the Spanish and Italian tongues: High German she had from the place of her nativity, and her father gave her a tincture of English. So that at twelve years old, she understood and spoke all these languages very fluently.

In the mean time Marandon, grieving at not being able to provide for his children according to their rank, was perpetually seeking solitude.

It happened that Signor Trentan, a tiara'd Cittern, who lived near Dresden, a man of great humanity and benevolence, who had obligations to Marandon's family, heard of his misfortunes. He was struck with much grief at the news, and

resolved, if possible, to extricate him from his difficulties, and put him again in some way of recovering his former fortune, at least of mending his present circumstances.

Accordingly this old Cittern, full of such beneficent intentions, came to Marandon's house, and not finding him at home, was directed to a shady valley, which Marandon often frequented. There the old man found him in profound musing under an oak.

The Cittern is a very venerable old man (for he is still living, and sometimes comes to see the countess of Polinetz); his beard is long and like his hair, as white as silver. Upon his breast he wears a gold cross. Marandon, as soon as he saw

saw him, presently knew him, and saluted him. They discoursed a little upon indifferent subjects; at length the conversation—Be so good, (said I, interrupting him) to tell me, before you go any further, what you mean by a Cittern or tiara'd Cittern; I have heard of such a musical instrument, but never heard a man so called before. The Citterns, answered the philosopher, are Christians, but they teach doctrines, that differ in several things from those, which are taught at this time of day among other Christians, of whatever denomination, except the Villadorians on the banks of the Guadilquiver. A tiara'd Cittern, is the chief of one of their communities. When

40 MEMOIRS of the
he officiates, he wears a rich Eastern *Tiara* on his head, with a sun embroidered on the front of it. He is cloathed with fine linen of the purest whiteness, which reaches down to his feet, and his breast is bound about with a golden girdle; on the fore-part of which are five precious stones, like stars, which represent, or are emblems of faith, hope, heavenly love, peace, and joy. They are called Citterns, because they sing hymns to the sound of that instrument. The countess is one of the sect, so was her father Marandon, before he died.

Methinks I begin to have a good opinion of these Citterns, said I; pray, proceed with your history.—

At

At length the conversation, resumed he, insensibly turned on Marandon's way of life. Why will you suffer yourself, said the old man, to be overcome by your misfortunes? You cannot live indeed so magnificently as formerly, but you may upon a small income be as happy. Resume courage, seek not solitude, but some employment. Do your best to mend your fortunes; be chearful, and leave the rest to Divine care. This farm where you now live, I have been informed, has a mortgage upon it of eight hundred gold ducats. I have had obligations to your family; I will pay off the sum in question, and you shall repay me, when you are able. I will also
ac-

42 M E M O I R S of the
accommodate you with two thousand ducats to traffic with. Having thus said, the Cittern presented to him a bag of gold ducats and bills to the amount of the sum.

The countess of Polinetz's father gazed upon the old man some time with astonishment, and without being able to utter a word. At last he threw his arms about him, and tenderly embracing him, made this answer : I cannot doubt, my Lord, but Heaven has sent you hither. In you, and you only, may be found that benevolence, those noble sentiments of gratitude, which I deemed not to be found upon earth. May Heaven inspire into me the like sentiments with regard to you. This said, he

conducted the old Cittern home, where he was entertained with the greatest respect and honour. Cœurleon, and young Melesinda, by their pleasing behaviour and accomplishments, soon won the old man's affections ; and the thought of having restored joy and pleasantness to the family, made the Cittern's own heart overflow with that exquisite pleasure, which none but they, whose beneficence is founded on Divine love, can feel. After some days the Cittern returned home. Marandon, by his traffic, together with his wife's management and attention to the estate, in a few years grew rich, and repaid all he had received of the Cittern. Young Melesinda was
bred

44 MEMOIRS of the
bred to a relish for rural amuse-
ments, under her mother, who
would never leave her retreat. The
count of Polinetz having seen her
by chance, fell in love with her,
and married her: and upon his
embarking for the West Indies,
resigned his commission in the king
of Spain's German guards to her
brother Cœurleon. The countess's
father died soon after the count
was cast away near Cape Verde
Islands, and his wife Melesinda
retreated, and ended her days
among the Violetines.

When I perceived the philoso-
pher had finished his history of the
countess: You have given me
great pleasure, said I, and made a
strong impression upon me in fa-
vour

vour of the countess : if I am not in love with her, I own myself at least in love with the old Cittern.

But what are your Violetines, whom you mentioned last ? They are, answered he, a sisterhood, a community of ladies. They have always a censer full of coals of cedar, or other sweet wood, burning before the altar, where they worship. When any one goes to pray, she sprinkles upon the censer a little frankincense, mixed with another perfume, which sends forth a fragrant odour like violets. Hence those ladies were called Violetines *. Whenever they marry, they

* There is a house of this nature at the Hague, where young ladies, whose fortunes are not equal to their birth, are educated
and

46 M E M O I R S of the
they quit the house. Some of
those ladies keep their coaches.

and maintained. It was founded by the
queen of England, when princess of Orange.

There are nine such foundations in the
electorate of Hanover, where the ladies live
handsomely, through the munificence of the
sovereign.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

TH E philosopher having given this account, strait began to dress himself; which being done, we set out for the countess's.

We entered thro' a little gate, which let us into one of the walks that led up to the house. The trees of this private walk were twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. On one side of it were artificial grottoes, covered with woodbines and jessamines; on the other ran, with an agreeable murmur, a lucent spring, among pebbles that had gold and silver specks, and made a brilliant ap-

48 MEMOIRS of the
appearance. The meander is said
to run upon such shining pebbles,
from whence the countess took
the hint.

We were introduced to the mistress of this pleasant habitation, whom we found embroidering in a lower room that looked upon the gardens. She received us with great politeness ; and after we were set down, I began the conversation by saying—I have read of several enchanted palaces, and I cannot help thinking this place of yours, countess, resembles some of them in miniature.

I can't but say, answered she, the situation is agreeable ; and, as I expect you will dine with me, we in the mean time will take a
walk

walk in the garden which I mentioned to you the other day. We answered, we would gladly attend her. As for you, philosopher Swnitz, said she, you have been here often, as I have been told, but always in my absence, which I don't take so kindly of you. I should have been very glad of entertaining you, as well as I could, as you were my father's friend ; and also for my own interest, as I am sure I could not but have profited by your conversation. The philosopher made the best speech he could in return for the compliment, and assured her, that he had never been in the country, while she was in it, except-

50 MEMOIRS of the
ing the one month that I had
been with him. She received
his apology with a pleasing smile;
and then opening a glass door, we
entered into the garden. I found
every thing answering the descrip-
tion the countess had given me of
it. It put me in mind of that de-
scription in Spenser, which he co-
pied from the Italian.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
Offer'd itself to the delighted eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does other happiness envy.

The painted flow'rs, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no
place.

One

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 51

One would have thought so cunningly the rude
And unculte parts were mingled with the fine,
That nature had for wantonness ensu'd
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed, thro' sweet diversity,
The garden to adorn with all variety.

We walked through the most
delightful scenes, for about an
hour. At length the countess
brought us to a small kind of
tower that had a gilt balaster
on the top of it. We entered
into it through a little door, at
the bottom or foot of the tower.
There we found a seat that held
just one person. The countess
made the philosopher sit down in

it : then she touched a spring, and the philosopher ascended in the chair to the balustrade on the summit of the tower. From the top of this tower, to which I ascended afterwards, there were several kinds of prospects, as the mild, the rough, the grotesque, the gay. After this she shewed us a little spot covered with ever-greens ; a garden to shelter the birds in winter. At the entrance was a statue of Cheerfulness, holding a gilt cup in one hand, and a sprig of myrtle in the other.

It was now time for us to return to the house, in order to be there by dinner. The countess led us thither through the garden, but
by

by a different way. Upon our road we met with the statues of Flora and Pomona. Flora was denoted by a loose nosegay of flowers, which she seemed to have just gathered, and to hold up, as pleased with the beauties of them. She was also crowned with flowers. Her robe was of a changeable filk, and of as many colours as the flowers with which she was adorned. This statue was formed of a fine composition as hard as marble.

The statue of Pomona was near the fruit trees. It was formed of the like composition. She was dressed in green filk, thick shot with gold threads. She held a

pruning hook in one hand, and a branch, with fruits on it, in the other.

I must not omit a particular spring, which was covered over with myrrh. The countess desired me to taste the water : I did so, and found it extremely bitter. This water, said I, is like the myrrh that borders it. There is no harm in it, said the countess, smiling, we have several such springs in this country. Philosopher Swenitz will account for them better than I can. They come, said the philosopher, from an impure sulphur, bitumen, nitre, copperas, copper ; as water by long standing in a copper vessel acquires a bitter taste. They
are

are frequent in other parts of the world. On the shore of Corman-del, in India, there are several springs and wells, whose waters are bitter, though they spring up among the rocks. In Pontus, a province of Asia Minor, there is a small rivulet at the town of Cal-lipade, called Exampean, whose water is bitter; this makes the river Hypanis also bitter, into which it flows.

While the philosopher was thus speaking we came to the house, where, in a large hall, we found a table set out for dinner; and an elderly lady, a friend of the countess's, who lived with her. As soon as the countess came

56 M E M O I R S of the
into the room, the old lady gave
her a letter: she opened it, and
looked pleased while she read it;
then put it in her pocket; for
now dinner appeared.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

THE entertainment was elegant; and the countess did the honours of her table with a pleased attention. She shewed particular regard to the philosopher, and made him sit next her, with which I was very well pleased. To me she behaved with more reserve, but great complaisance. As soon as the desert was set on the table, she called to a servant, and bade him undo the wooden case, that had been sent her that morning, and take out what was in it, and bring it to her. He went out, and soon returned with the picture of a venerable old man with silver locks, clad

58 M E M O I R S of the
clad in purple, with a gold cross
on his breast. By the description
the philosopher had given me in
the morning of the old Cittern, I
guessed it to be his picture. There,
said the countess, are the linea-
ments of a good friend of mine,
seigneur Trentan. There is a great
likeness, answered Swenitz. I
guessed it to be him, said I, from
the description I have heard of
him. I have obtained his picture
as a favour, said the countess:
here's his letter, which he sent me
with it, and which, for its gal-
lantry, I will read to you. You
must know, I sent him a present
lately of some Indian canes, and
insisted upon his giving me his
picture in return.

“ My

“ My loved Countess,
“ The Indian canes, which you
sent me, were pretty ; but you
have so embellished them, that
they are hardly for my turn. They
are emblems of sovereign com-
mand : and I ought, methinks, to
return you thanks rather for your
sceptres, than your canes. By what
name soever we call them, they are
the more precious to me, because
they come from you, more than
for any other consideration : and
though you have not made me
rich, yet you may chance to make
me proud. It is an antient maxim,
that ambition is no more satisfied
with benefits received, than covet-
ousness. But it should have been
added, when ambition receives
from

from a person, from whom it desired to receive. All sorts of benefactors do not much oblige those, whose ambition it is to have only the noblest. For my part, I should think the presents of lady * * * * would dishonour me; and I would be as much ashamed of her favours as I glory in yours. I carried them to Dresden, on purpose to shew them. With them I do support my old age with credit, and look as trim as upon days of ceremony. They serve both to support and to adorn me; for furniture of necessity, and ostentation too. But the worst is, I have nothing here to requite so rare a present, but the shape and lineaments of an old man. 'Tis, indeed,

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 61

deed, all you require in return. The picture of an old Cittern of fourscore!—— There are always foolish desires, dear countess, and idle curiosities in the world. Is not yours one of them? However, to content you, I have yielded, for one half hour, to have myself transcribed. The painter, I am certain, has flattered me. But, I know, affection is a better flatterer yet, than the painter. This it is that will bear false testimony for me, to prove my picture worthy to be placed among those of your Titian's and your Buonaroti's. A station amongst them is, indeed, an honour I highly value; but that which you have given me in your heart is no less precious to me, and
I think

I think I have good right to the possession, since I am, with all affection, &c."

Don't you think, said the countess, when she had done reading, that my old friend writes very gallantly upon a few Indian canes? I long to see him; and, by the postscript in the letter, expect him here in a few days. We joined with her in admiring the chearful politeness of the old man, and asked if she had many pictures done by those two famous painters he mentioned. I have pictures, she replied, done by good hands, who imitated Titian's manner; but I have only one landscape of his painting. As for Buonaroti, I don't

don't know who he means by that name. He means, answered I, madam, a very extraordinary man. Michael Angelo Buonaroti flourished in the fifteenth century, and was universally admired for his excellence in the three sister-arts, painting, statuary, and architecture. He was born of a good family in the county of Arezzo, studied design or drawing under Dominico Ghirlandajo; and, at the age of sixteen, began to cut statues in marble, that even bore a comparison with the antique. In order to expose the false taste of those who would allow no merit to modern artists, he privately finished the statue of a Cupid, and buried it under ground, in a place which
he

he knew would soon be dug, after having broke off one of the arms, which he kept by him. The statue was accordingly found, and judged by all the connoisseurs to be a genuine antique. Then Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed the honour of the work. He made the model of a colossal statue for pope Julius II. with such a haughty countenance, and commanding attitude, that the pontiff asked, whether he had raised the right arm in the act of bestowing the benediction, or denouncing the anathema? Buonaroti replied, that his holiness was in the attitude of warning the people of Bologna to be more prudent for the future. Then he asked, in his turn, if he should

should put a book in the statue's right hand? "No, (said Julius) put a sword in it; I don't pretend to be a man of letters."

His master-piece in architecture was the grand church of St. Peter at Rome. He was the most perfect anatomist of his time; had a grand taste in design, and excelled all his cotemporaries in painting naked figures; but his manner was dry, and in every other branch of the art he fell far short of Raphael. His most famous picture is that of the Last Judgment; but is very absurd, as the painter has not made us rise in glorified bodies. He was respected and beloved by pope Leo X. Clement VII. and a succession of popes, as

well as by all the civilized princes of his time; Francis I. king of France, Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, Cosmo de Medicis, the Venetian republic, and even Solymán the grand signor. He lived to the age of ninety, died at Rome in 1564, and was interred with great funeral pomp at Florence.

Methinks, said the countess, if I was a man, I should take great pleasure in visiting those countries where the works of such famous artists are to be seen. When she had so said, she asked us to see what paintings she had, and got up to conduct us.

C H A P. VI.

WE all got up, and went into the library. It was an handsome long room, that looked over a fine country, a mixture of champain and wood, interspersed with several rivulets, that glittered with the sun-beams.

The countess's books were contained in four large cases of mahogany. They had gilt wire network before them, with green silk curtains on the inside. In several places were bustos of marble, and some excellent pictures.

Among the pictures, there were two remarkable ones, finished with the highest colouring, done by

Carlo Pinto, an imitator of Titian. They represented our first Parents, before and after the fall. Our first Parents, before the fall, appeared cloathed in the most beautiful manner imaginable. I turned to the philosopher, and testified some surprize at seeing these figures cloathed. The countess, answered the philosopher, can give you an account of it, if she pleases; but, to save her the trouble, I will do it.

The painter has endeavoured to represent our first Parents cloathed in garments of light. Eve, you see, appears clad in a kind of glittering silver tiffue. She has a starry zone about her bosom; her golden hair flows in buckles upon her
white

white neck, and thence descends to her waist: her feet are silver. Her look and face have dignity, tempered with sweetness. Adam is habited in gold; his countenance full of majesty, softened by love, while he converses with his fair spouse, and gazes upon her, enamoured with her beauty. But this is only their habit for the present: they might change their ornaments, when they pleased.

After their disobedience, they lost these ornaments of light. The second picture, therefore, shews them in another dress. Through the instruction of their beneficent Maker, they have cloathed or adorned themselves *with* or *from* the skins of beasts; with the filken

hair or down of animals of the first creation ; with feathers of the most beautiful rain-bow colours, inwoven together. Behold how beauteous Eve looks, so drest ! so beauteous, that, in the distant view, you may discern angels making love to her daughters, almost as charming as herself. All this the painter has endeavoured to represent in this picture. I imagine (said I to the philosopher) that Carlo Pinto was a Cittern. He answered in the affirmative. Then turning to the countess, The charms of beauty, said I, which we still behold in some, evidence how lovely the sex must have been originally. She looked pleasantly ; but made no reply, as
not

not understanding the compliment intended for herself, only turned to another piece.—This, said she, is the story of Balaam's vision. You see there he lies asleep, and is now dreaming that the beast, on which he rode, speaks to him; and the angel appears standing in his way.—This figure is nobly painted with the Guido air and grace.

We greatly admired Titian's landscape. It was a verdant valley, with a clear stream running thro' it, surrounded with steep mountains, except on one side, where noble distant prospects were bounded by the horizon. It was delightful to see the goats climbing up the hanging rocks, or lying

72 M E M O I R S of the
upon the cliffs, where they were
distinguished by their whiteness
amidst the verdure. Add to this,
the inimitable sunshine he had
diffused over the piece. Pray, said
the countess to me, was not Titian
a Spaniard? No, said I, madam;
Titian Vecelli was born in the
state of Venice, in the year 1477,
and studied painting under Bel-
lini, whom he soon surpassed, as
he also did Georgione. His pic-
tures were the admiration of every
body, for his exquisite manner of
colouring. He refused a consi-
derable employment at Rome;
and was created knight and count-
palatine by the emperor Charles V.
who sitting one day for his pic-
ture, Titian chanced to drop his
pen-

pencil; which the emperor took up, and presenting it to him, “Titian (said he) is worthy to be served even by an emperor.” He was also visited and careſſed by the king of France; and celebrated by Ariosto, Marini, and other poets. In a word, he lived in great ſplendor; and died in 1576, in the arms of his imperial maſter.

There were ſeveral other pieces done by excellent painters: I will only mention one at preſent; that of Eric king of Denmark, who by a certain muſician could be kindled to ſuch fury, as to kill ſome of his beſt friends and ſervants. The muſician was there ſeen playing on an inſtrument, while the monarch gathering up his royal robe, laid
on

74 M E M O I R S of the
on all about him. The passions
here of rage, fear, and amazement,
were strongly pictured in the finest
colouring. The ancients tell us
something like this of the Phrygian
sound or tone, whatever that tone
was.

The bustos were curiously scul-
ptured. There was Homer, Virgil,
Fenelon, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton,
Petrarch, and Laura: and some
others.

The books consisted of the most
entertaining histories, the finest
poems, and a few romances, writ-
ten by geniuses of fertile invention
and fine imagination. Among
these last, Don Quixote had an
honourable station, in much pomp
and splendor.

Such

Such was the library of the countess. But what can never be forgot was a crimson bird, as large as a makaw. It stood in a gilded wire-cage in one of the windows. The countess called it a Quincena; it was a present to the count of Polinetz from India, where they are extremely scarce. Like theameleon, it took all manner of colours, which it fixed its eye attentively upon. If you set before it green, it became green: if you placed before it white colour, it changed its hue to white, and so of other colours: when it looked steadfastly on the wires of its cage, it took a gold colour. And though it did not give rational answers, like the prince of Orange's

76 M E M O I R S of the
Orange's Parrot *, yet it sung with
a warbling voice these words,
which had been taught it :

The tender virgin rose behold
Sweetly her damask bud unfold,
Half-open'd, half-conceal'd in green,
Fairer she seems, the less she's seen.

See her more bold her leaves display,
Behold she drooping fades away,
Nor longer seems that lovely flow'r
By virgins sought to deck the bow'r.

Then, Celimene ! ere time consume
The transient roses of your bloom,
Bright virtue's off'ring let them be,
And yield to heav'n their fragrancy.

Just by the cage stood a silver
chaffing-dish of very neat work-
manship. This the countess told

* See Locke.

me

me belonged to the Cittern, who used to perfume his beard with it after the Eastern manner. In it he used to put some burning coals, with a piece of aloes wood, covering all with a cover of silver full of small holes. This he set under his beard, while the agreeable smell of the aloes ascended, and greatly recreated his head with its elegant perfume. When the Cittern had done with it, it was always set by the Quincena, who seemed exhilarated with the smell, and would begin to shake his feathers and sing:

What fragrances the air perfume,

And fill delightfully the room.

Ye Citterns ! strike the tuneful string,

While of your ancient sage I sing.—

“ White

“ White locks, that grace the virtuous old,
 “ Are nobler than a crown of gold.”

These words, like the other, he sung with a number of trills and warblings. In short, it was the most extraordinary bird I ever beheld.

It was about evening when we took our leave of the countess, and walked home. Our discourse all the way was of her manner of life, and the accomplishments of her person. I have a great esteem, (said I to the philosopher) for this young widow; I admire her more than any woman I ever saw. Her politeness, her wit, equal to her beauty; her modesty, that heightens the charms of both: her lively ima-

gination, directed by an excellent judgment; the gracefulness of her expression and manner; her easy cheerfulness of conversation, unstudied and unaffected; the acquired accomplishments of her mind, not inferior to her natural graces and virtues.—

The philosopher hearing me go on in this strain, looked upon me smilingly, and said, I believe you are already in love. If to be in love, said I, is to wish that I may one day have such a companion of life as the countess, I am much in love indeed. After all, is not love an homage we ought to pay to merit, a sentiment worthy of a tender and generous heart. The countess's beauty, I own, answered

ed the philosopher, is the least of her charms; her heart is as good, as her understanding is bright. I could approve of your love, if you had a passion for her, because she is truly valuable. But I have told you that your uncle has other views for you, and designs to marry you to a daughter of a very wealthy Levant merchant. You must not disoblige him: If you perceive your heart not proof against the countess's charms, as you imagined it was, it is best to see her no more. There is no way to vanquish love, but by extinguishing the first sparks of it. Why then, to be ingenuous with you, answered I, I will tell you, that if such sparks are kindled in my breast, I have no desire
to

to extinguish them. On the contrary, I have a great mind to propose to my uncle, that he should permit me to address the countess. Perhaps her character and amiableness will persuade him not to oppose my inclinations. Besides, she has rank, and her jointure of a thousand gold ducats may make an impression on him. The philosopher answered, that he could not blame my value for the countess; and that if I intended to acquaint my uncle with the affair before I proceeded any further, he would do all in his power to make my design succeed. I answered, he would oblige me for ever by so doing. In such discourse we reached

home ; the philosopher concluded
with repeating these lines :

Love is not always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind.
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his desire.

C H A P. VII.

I Will not tire you with an account of the whole progress of my passion: let it be sufficient to say, that I enjoyed the conversation of the countess for three months, taking all opportunities of seeing her; and every time I saw her, I thought I discovered some new perfection; so that, in a word, I became passionately in love. I thought too (nor was I deceived) that I had made an impression upon her heart. When I made this discovery from her blushes, and frequent perplexity when she conversed with me, judge how delightful and charming to me

was such her involuntary betraying herself.

As for my part, when I was not with her, I was as in a desert, absent and musing: so that at last the philosopher grew tired of my behaviour, and frankly told me so. If you are really in love with the countess Melesinda, said he, reveal your love to your uncle out of hand: I will write to him an account of her. I thanked him heartily, and came ardently into his advice. Upon which he wrote to my uncle a long letter, describing the countess Melesinda's person, her birth, fortune, and accomplishments. I now was all impatience to be gone; and having made preparations for my journey,

journey, in two days time I went to take leave of the countess. At first she looked visibly concerned; but when I told her I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her again very soon, a transient gleam of joy brightened in her countenance.

I returned to the philosopher, who was desirous of conducting me as far as the Texel. He did so; and we found a merchant ship bound for Portland, and ready to put to sea. Here the philosopher furnished himself with a number of little green cheeses, made of sheeps milk, and tinged green with certain herbs, of which he was very fond.

I went aboard, and the wind offering, we weighed anchor with four Turkeymen. In the mean time, the wind did not long continue fair : however we reached the Forelands, and from thence gradually got into the Channel, and at length reached Portland, though not without danger, for sometimes we had very heavy seas, and hard gales. From Portland I soon got to Bristol, and went directly to my own seat, where my uncle then resided. I shall here give you a short description of the person of a man, to whom I have so great obligations.

He was of a middle stature, square built, very erect, of a good-natured aspect and temper, tho'

a little warm. He always wore the finest wigs, and dressed plain, but with great neatness. He had appeared in cloaths of a light brown, and silk stockings of the same colour, for forty years, without variation. He wore long cravats, with spangled tassels, that hung upon his breast. His pomp about his feet was also brilliant, but of antique fashion; for he wore always broad square-toed shoes, with red tops, and gold buckles. Such was my uncle.

When I was introduced to him, he was joyfully surpris'd to see me so unexpectedly. He embraced me with transport and tenderness; and welcomed me home; but asked me at the same time, if any

88 M E M O I R S of the
particular business had brought me
home so suddenly. I straight pre-
sented to him signor Swenitz's let-
ter. In that letter, said I, you
will find that the cause of my com-
ing home is a beautiful one. He
opened the letter; and while he
was perusing it, I considered his
look with attention, but could dis-
cern no change in his features.
Having read the letter, he folded
it up, and, with a pleasant coun-
tenance, said to me, This is a beau-
tiful cause indeed that has brought
you home.—I find you are in love
with a courtesa, who has a join-
ture of a thousand gold ducats. If
I believe this letter, she is a very
amiable personage. Yes, answered
I, she is most valuable, and you
would

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

would say so, if you was to see her. Young men, replied he, frequently fancy themselves in love.—Do not think, said I, my attachment for this lady a transient liking that will soon be over. She has charmed me as well by her mind as her beauty; I never loved before, and I feel I can never love but her alone. She is formed not only to inspire love, but to perpetuate it with her charms. But consider her fortune, said he, it is but a dowry of a thousand ducats. I could find you a much richer party. Will you suffer, answered I, the happiness of my life to be made a sacrifice to riches? I have heard that you have designed to marry me to a daughter of a Levant

90 M E M O I R S of the
vant merchant. I did design so,
(answered he, colouring) but that
merchant has broke his word with
me, and disposed of his daughter
to another. Heaven be praised,
(thought I) this event is fortunate
for me. But though the lady is
not so rich as I could wish one for
you, and is a countess besides, I
shall not cross your inclinations.
You know I don't love titles. This
countess indeed I like better than
any other, because she is a mer-
chant's daughter. I will tell you
more of my mind another time.
Let us go to dinner. I was not
displeased with this beginning, as
you may imagine.

We fate down to dinner; and
he questioned me with great good
humour

humour about the countess Melinda, and seemed perfectly satisfied with her person and character. He told me, amongst other things, that the Levant merchant had married his daughter to a Druse, a rich silk merchant in the port of Baruth, with whom he carried on a considerable trade in silk. That the prince, or emir, of the Druses, had bought her of her husband for a large sum of gold, and carried her to Dair-alcanar, where he resides. That she was become a Druse, and lived in splendor, with which her father was very well pleased.

We spent some days in visiting my own estate, where he shewed me the several improvements he
had

92 M E M O I R S of the
had made in my absence. At last,
one morning as we were walking
together, he told me with a chear-
ful countenance, that he had been
thinking of my marrying, and had
come to a resolution of going with
me to make signor Swenitz a visit,
and by that means he should have
an opportunity of seeing the lady
with whom I was so enamoured.
I testified great gladness at his in-
tention ; and my uncle having soon
settled his affairs, he ordered his
chaise, and took me with him to
London.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

THERE he equipped himself and me very differently, himself plainly as usual, and me richly. We took shipping, and in a short time got to Holland; and thence to Paderborn.

The philosopher and my uncle embraced one another with great joy: and after much discourse concerning what had happened to themselves, and how they had spent their time since their parting, my uncle entered upon the principal cause of his journey; namely, to see the countess of Polinetz, with whom, by the description in his letter, he was very well pleased
that

that his nephew should unite his destiny, provided she answered that description, as he did not doubt but she would. The philosopher told him, that he would carry him to the countess Melefinda's the next day. That evening he sent the countess word, that the uncle of the chevalier Pierpoint was come to see him, and that he desired the favour to introduce him to her. She sent back a civil invitation, and we went the next day in the afternoon. We were conducted at first into the library, where we found the old Cittern, with a map before him, reading Petrarch. He received my uncle with politeness; and told us, he was endeavouring to find
out

out the situation of Valclusa, so celebrated by Petrarch. In a short time the countess Melefinda made her appearance. After the usual compliments, my uncle told her, that he was come to stay a little time with his old acquaintance philosopher Swenitz ; that he had heard of her civilities to his nephew, and was obliged to his friend for furnishing him with an opportunity to make his acknowledgments to her. She answered, that she looked upon it as an honour, when any foreign gentleman came to see her rural habitation ; and that she should be obliged to him, if he thought the place agreeable, if he would make use of it as his own, while he stayed in the country.

country. My uncle returned her thanks, and we soon entered into a general conversation; during which the countess, by her good sense and engaging manner, visibly gained upon my uncle. He turned the discourse continually to her, in order to cause her to speak; and while she spoke, he seemed to listen with the most delighted attention.

Nor was he less pleased with the old Cittern; with whom, in the little time we stayed, whether through sympathy, or other secret attraction, he contracted an intimate friendship. After my uncle had been shewn several things about the house, he took his leave of the countess and the Cittern,
and

and we got home before close of evening. My uncle, for three weeks after, constantly visited the Cittern, and by that means saw the countess frequently. The Cittern and he played at backgammon; they walked in the garden and forest together; they contrived visits, and planted little hills, and the like. In short, they became connected by the ties of the most agreeable friendship. But my uncle never gave the least hint of my inclination for the countess Melesinda. He thought proper that I should first of all open myself to her. One morning he came into my room before I was up, (for he always rose very early to breathe the morning air, as he said) and

addressing himself to me, The philosopher, said he, has, at my request, invited the countess, with a lady or two, to a collation in his pavilion in the enclosure. We intend to contrive matters so, that you shall have an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and making my sentiments and your own known to her. He added, that in case I succeeded, he would settle three thousand guineas a year upon me. I expressed the most ardent gratitude to him, and told him, that I should ever obey his commands in all things; and as to what he ordered me to do with regard to the countess, it was too sweet an injunction for me to delay, even for a moment, the putting it in
execu-

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 99

execution, when an occasion offered. As soon as he was gone, I got up and dressed myself; but my head was so full of the approaching time, when I should open my heart to my loved Melinda, that through excessive absence I committed twenty blunders in my dressing myself. Great was the impatience and solicitude in which I passed the morning. I hardly tasted any thing at dinner; upon which my uncle observed, that the rich flavour of the venison, upon the table, was sufficient for the nourishment of a lover. The philosopher answered, smiling, that lovers were then like a certain people of India,

100 MEMOIRS of the
who live upon the smell of fragrant odours.

At length the time of appointment came. We set out for the enclosure, where the countess, the old lady her companion, and two more of her acquaintance, came soon after in the countess of Melinda's coach. The philosopher led them to the pavilion, where he had prepared an handsome collation, with several sorts of wine. The philosopher laid himself out to the best advantage for the entertainment of the company ; and the ladies answered his willingness to create joy in them, by shewing the greatest cheerfulness and gaiety. But my uncle, whose thoughts were

were employed about the countess and me, was contriving how to leave us alone together. He was relieved from his perplexity by an odd accident. It happened that some peasant, who had been working in the forest, had made a little fire in an hollow rotten tree, and left it there burning. As the wood was dry, it took flame, and burnt up among the neighbouring trees. As soon as it was perceived by our servants, they brought us word of it; and we all immediately left the pavilion, and went into the wood. My uncle and Swenitz joined with the servants to extinguish the fire, by throwing water and dirt upon the touch-wood, which they got from

a neighbouring rivulet. The countess Melesinda happened to stand at some distance from her companions, leaning against a tree. I thought I had then a fair opportunity of revealing my love to her: I went up to the place where she stood; Fair countess, said I, you stand here like a sylvan hamadryad for the preservation of your tree. I confess, answered she, I am a little afraid for the wood, there are several withered and dry trees in it. The wood, I replied, is in no danger—But permit me to seize this occasion to reveal to you a flame, not so easy to be quenched. Here in this place I first beheld your charms, and here they lighted a sweet flame in my breast, which
nothing

nothing can extinguish. What place more proper, than where it first took its rise, to discover it to the beautiful cause? Yes, my fair countess! I love you, and my uncle has given me leave to tell you so; and if I could hope for a mutual return, I should esteem myself the most happy of mortals. This sudden declaration a little surprised her, and spread her cheek with new roses. At length recovering herself, she answered, with a modest grace and noble frankness, I little deserve, and as little expected, such a declaration; but since you have made it, I will be ingenuous, and use no affected evasions or mystery, as I doubt not of your sincerity. I am obliged to

H 4

you

you for your sentiments concerning me; and on the other hand, my heart has not been insensible to your good qualities. They have made an impression upon me, and the return you wish for, you have already gained: but you must have the Cittern's consent. She blushed, and looked down, when she had spoke these last words. It is impossible to express my transport; I was ready to throw myself at her feet in the greatest rapture; but the presence of the company restrained me; and the countess Melesinda, to prevent any action that should discover the subject of our secret conversation, left me to myself, and rejoined the other ladies. In my enravishment,
when

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 105

when she was gone, I turned to
the cedar on which she had leaned,
and pronounced these words from
Petrarch :

Gentil ramo, ove piacque

A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna,

Sempre dolce fara ne la memoria.

Flourish, fair tree ! for ever green,

Where she her beauteous side did lean ;

How sweet, how lovely wilt thou be

Still imag'd in my memory !

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

THE evening coming on, we waited on the ladies to their coach, and took our leave of them till next day, when we were all to dine at the countess's.—As soon as they were gone—Well, said my uncle, I saw you engaged in a solitary conversation with the countess, so I gave myself no trouble about finding means to leave you alone together. It was the sweetest conversation I have ever had in my life, answered I. With that I told him what declaration I had made, and in what manner it was received, and what she said of the Cittern. My uncle said, he would
speak

He speak to him in the morning. He was as good as his word; for he was become almost as ardent as myself for concluding the marriage. Next morning he went, some time before us, to the countess's, and found signor Trentan sitting on a bench in the garden. He opened the affair to him, without much preface. He told him the inclination I had some time had for the young countess, my declaration to her, and the answer she had made to me in the wood. The old man testified exceeding joy at the news, and said he would not delay a moment to speak to Melesinda. Accordingly he went to her directly. I was now arrived, and, while the philosopher sought my

my

my uncle in the walks, had taken up a book in the library for entertainment. There the Cittern in a little time came to me, leading in the countess. Never did I see her look so amiable: a livelier vermilion heightened the lustre of her beauty. Signor Trentan presented her to me, making me take her hand. We then plighted our faith to each other, according to the custom of the Citterns, by exchanging of presents. She gave me off her arm a bracelet, with her picture in it. Whilst I, feeling in my pockets, and not finding any thing which I thought worthy to be presented to her, be-thought myself of the black ribbon I wore about my neck, at which

which was hung the mark of my order of Santa Seraphina ; namely, a golden circlet, instarred with sapphirs. I took it off, and put it about the young countess's neck. The Cittern smiled to see her so knighted. In the mean time, all the company being arrived and assembled in the saloon, he brought us out to them, and told what had past. All kinds of congratulations were made us. We spent the day with rejoicings. In the afternoon we had a noble collation, and music at evening. The philosopher and my uncle both danced with the ladies. — The former played us some excellent solos of Corelli's on the violin: and as he had a very tuneable base voice,

110 MEMOIRS of the
voice, he fung a song, which he,
in my name, had himself com-
posed the night before, to a piece
of music he had by him. The
words were these, which the coun-
tess, at his request, accompanied
with the harpsichord:

S O N G.

Dazzled with beauty's heav'nly beam,
Which Melesinda's eyes display,
I felt a gentle gliding flame,
Like light'ning, thro' my bosom stray.
She seem'd like some translucent shrine,
Where you embosom'd may behold
All precious things distinctly shine,
Pearl, saphirs, diamonds, and gold.
Sweetness, truth, and every charm
That can engage the well-taught mind,
Or virtuous heart with rapture warm,
Their lustre shew in Melesinde.

Some

Chevalier PIERPOINT. III

Some other nymphs may Love's bright fires
Enkindle slowly in the heart ;
Her face at once the god inspires,
At once he reigns in ev'ry part.

The philosopher's song was applauded, and we passed the evening with great festivity. It was towards morning when we went home. My uncle, being in haste to return to England, would not let our marriage be deferred. As soon as cloaths were bought, and all preparations could be got ready for the ceremony, we were conducted to the temple, where the old Cittern waited for us.

The nuptials were celebrated according to the manner of the Citterns. The countess was dressed in white and silver flowered silk ;

112 MEMOIRS of the
filk; myself, in a suit of light
brown velvet, embroidered with
gold. We were presented before
the altar: a fire of odoriferous
wood-coals, in a silver vessel, was
lighted on a pillar near it; upon
which we both cast some incense,
and other perfume. The Cittern
bound us together in a golden
band, the symbol of union and
concord: when marriages proved
unhappy, he broke this band be-
fore the altar, and the parties
were free. We held one another
by the hand, while a quire of
young people, clad in white, sung
an hymn, accompanied with cit-
terns, viols, lutes, and other in-
struments of music.

The

The hymn began with the praises of the glorious King of Love—his descent from the empyrean regions—the star that announced his appearance—his sufferings for love to mortals—his re-ascension to his former glory. The married couple were excited to keep these grand ideas of him ever in their minds, and to be thence warmed with a constant love and friendship for each other.

The hymn being ended, the old Cittern took the countess Melesinda's hand and mine between both his, and, with a solemn and exalted tone of voice, pronounced these words: “ May your union
 “ be worthy to be envied ; may it
 “ enlarge the scene of happiness

“ to either; may your mutual
 “ love, innocent and virtuous
 “ amusements and diversions, strow
 “ flowers on your paths through
 “ life; and may piety be to your
 “ memory as an embalming per-
 “ fume.”

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

ALL the time we stayed after the nuptials, I thought of nothing but furnishing new entertainments and diversions for the countess. At last we took leave of our several acquaintance, and set forward for Amsterdam. The countess left to the Cittern the possession of her house and gardens for his amusement; and we both promised to visit him every year after we should be settled: for the countess having a great desire to see her brother, whom she much loved, we had agreed to go to Spain for a little time. Besides, we had heard of the Vil-

116 M E M O I R S of the
ladorians on the banks of the Gua-
dalquivir, and thought we could
not do better than to visit them in
their retreat. The philosopher
Swenitz was of the same opinion,
and offered to accompany us ; and
we very willingly accepted the
offer, as he had been used to tra-
velling, and were glad of so agree-
able a companion. My uncle was
much for it ; for, seeing me so
enamoured with the countess, he
thought he had reason to fear I
might give myself up to an indo-
lent life. We stayed but two days
at Amsterdam, and therefore saw
but few of its curiosities : but what
we saw gave us great pleasure.
Amsterdam may be called the ma-
gazine of the world. All Hol-
land

land is embellished and enriched with immense works. The waters of the ocean are confined by double dykes. Vast canals are cut thro' all the towns in beds of stone, and the streets form large quays, ornamented with rows of tall trees. The boats unload their merchandize at the doors of the inhabitants; and strangers are never weary of admiring the singular and beautiful confusion of roofs of edifices, spires of churches, green tufted tops of trees, and silken streamers of ships, which at one time, and in the same place, present a view of the sea, the town, and the country.

We had fine weather all the way to Portsmouth, where my uncle

118 MEMOIRS of the
would have us land, upon account
of some merchandize he had there.
From thence we took a coach and
fix horfes, which carried us to my
feat near Bristol.

The countess was welcomed
with great rejoicings by the te-
nants, with ringing of bells and
firing of guns ; and we had next
day all the music of the town of
Bristol to serenade us. The coun-
tess sent them some guineas, and
my steward entertained them, to-
gether with the tenants, so richly,
that they went playing on their
instruments all the way home.
We staid only one month at my
feat, during which time the coun-
tess took a view of the several im-
provements my uncle had made,
with

with all which she was charmed; for he had spared neither for advice nor ornament. After receiving a number of visitants, and returning the compliment to each, my uncle would have us delay no longer our voyage to Spain. The countess took two maids, and I two men servants, (one of them a Swiss, who spoke several languages) for our retinue: and there being four large ships ready to sail for Cadiz, the weather likewise being very fine, we went aboard, my uncle attending us to the ship. There he privately put a purse of gold in the philosopher's pocket, and gave the countess a large diamond ring of great value; telling her, that, if he died before she re-

turned, she should wear it in memory of him. He embraced us both with great tendernefs, desired to be remembered to Cœurleon, tho' unknown, and could scarce refrain from tears at quitting the ship.

We had a pleafant and speedy voyage as far as Cape Vincent, and made no doubt but that within fourteen or fifteen days we should make Cadiz. But in the evening we had a great ftorm, attended with thunder and lightning, which obliged us to hand our fails, and lie to, a great part of the night; tho' the wind never rofe to that violence we apprehended, nor was it of long continuance; for in the morning all

was serene again. But the wind continuing in the opposite quarter, detained us a fortnight. The weather proved so fine, and the sea so calm, that we visited one another from ship to ship in the boats. We were several times entertained with the sporting of a multitude of dolphins, which the sailors say foretel wind. At length we came to an anchor in Cadiz-bay, having entered it between two rocks; the one called the Puercos, which appears above water; and the other, the Diamond, which is always covered with the sea. Cadiz is one of the most opulent cities in all Spain. Here are several houses of antient architecture, unquestionably built by the Moors. At a
small

small distance from the town is a little wood, called the Retames, consisting of trees and wild bushes, interspersed with furz, which, being in flower, sent forth a most delightful fragrancy.

The churches are not large, but elegant; particularly the altars are magnificent with silver, and the images of the saints very splendidly adorned.

As to the markets, they abound with provisions of all kinds; and it is admirable to see so great and rich variety of the fruits of the earth.

Here we first eat an olla, a favourite dish of the Spaniards: it is composed of a great variety of flesh and herbs, and very delicious.

The

The women wear no stays, but a jacket only, over which they have a manteline, or short cloak, finely embroidered. In general, throughout Spain, the ladies in their visits are dressed in the utmost splendor. Instead of chairs, they sit on cushions laid on the floor. They vie with each other in ornamenting their mantelines, and indeed in adorning all the other branches of their apparel, which are richly embroidered with gold and silver. But their linen exceeds all, being of the most exquisite workmanship.

They are great lovers of sweetmeats and chocolate; and fond of hearing and reading plays; also of acting them in parties, having a
lively

124 MEMOIRS of the
lively imagination. They take
great pleasure in walking abroad,
or riding in their glittering caros
drawn by mules.

Having stayed a few days at
Cadiz to rest ourselves, and see
what was most remarkable, we
hired a caro for the countess,
and, with horses and mules, set
out on our journey for the banks
of the Guadalquivir: we crossed
that river, and arrived at the ha-
bitation of the Villadorians.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

WE entered by a narrow pass into a large valley encompassed with hills, the tops of which were covered with trees of pleasant shade, together with olive, pomgranate, and orange trees. The houses of the Villadorians were built of white stone, and covered with a blue slate that glittered in the sun, and being scattered up and down among the fruitful hills and green valleys, formed a delightful scene. The lofty mountains, which appeared at a distance, served as a barrier against the winds.

On

On the opposite bank of the river appeared the town of St. Lucar, formerly the greatest port of Spain, before the galleons unloaded their treasure at the port of Cadiz. Here the Atlantic ocean bounded the horizon. As we advanced into the valley, we were invited into a neighbouring grove by the sound of harmonious music. There we beheld a number of men, elegantly drest in long robes of the finest dyes: some were of silk, some of cloth, plain, or richly embroidered;—and over-against them sat an assembly of women, of equally elegant appearance, who listened to a concert of music, or else joined in it. We were pleased to see,
in-

instead of austere, melancholy religionists, an agreeable and polite people, like the Citterns.

These philosophers too, like them, looked upon music as something heavenly, and proper to calm the passions; for which reason they always began and finished the day by concerts, asserting what the poet says,

Man may justly tuneful strains admire;
His soul is music, and his breast a lyre;
A lyre, which, while its various notes agree,
Enjoys the sweet of its own harmony.

After they had given some little time in the morning to this exercise, they went through delightful walks to a sacred mount,
where

where stood a temple of marble. There they offered their homage to heaven. The rest of the day was spent in several entertaining and useful employments; such as reading, painting, sculpture, poetry, meditation on the sublime sciences.

Their grand repast was a little before sun-set, at which time they ate of all viands and fruits, wholesome and pleasant to taste, and drank moderately of the most fragrant wines, still intermixing music at proper times. Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but these philosophers seemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took
care

care to keep them always in tranquillity and chearfulness, by innocent amusements, by pleasant and virtuous theatrical entertainments, which they performed amongst themselves, and by the charms of music †; to the end, that the children born of them might be of a good-humoured, sweet, and pleasant disposition.

They wore rich cloathing; not as they set any value upon it, but in order, as they said, to encourage the industry of manufacturers, and genius of all kinds. They said, that the gilding of the box did not rob the perfume within of its fragrancy.

† The Citterns and Villadorians, in this respect, imitate the antient Eastern Magi.

Each sage had his province in the empire of philosophy. Some studied the virtues of plants, others the course of the stars; some delighted in history, others in poetry. But the aim of all their researches and employments was to admire and celebrate the glory of the great Theondoron; for so amongst themselves they called the First Cause.

As soon as we entered into the grove the assembly rose up, and received us with politeness, perceiving we were people of rank; and then retiring, left us alone with their chief. This philosopher, whose name was Sophron, led us to a grand alcove, where was a noble picture of a woman, which

which he had painted with his own hands. She was drest in the manner of a nymph. Her robe was tucked up above one knee, and upon her legs were embroidered buskins. In her hand she held a cittern, to which she seemed to attune her voice, and sing. We all sat down in this place; and on a marble table, in a corner of the alcove, was set some wine and fruits. We just tasted them; and the polite sage, after we had told him who we were, and that we came to Spain to see the several curiosities of the country, at our request, entertained us with a discourse of the life, manners, and virtues of the Villadorians, of which I have

given an account. While he was speaking, he frequently cast a look upon the picture, and, as he beheld it, he put on a pleasant smile. We all observed it, and the countess could not forbear asking him the reason of it. That picture, answered he, is the picture of Indiafana, who heretofore loved me as you now love your husband. It is here I come to spend my sweetest moments. Neither the pleasures I taste in philosophy, nor music, nor social banquets, nor delicious wines, nor more delightful conversations, are so charming to my soul as the dear remembrance of my loved Indiafana. True virtue, though it regulates the passions, does not extinguish

tinguish tender sentiments. These words gave us a curiosity to know the history of his life. The sage sought not to excuse himself; and, after a little silence, he began in the following manner.

C H A P. XII.

The History of the VILLADORIAN.

I Was born of a noble extraction : my father had a large estate in Sicily. As I took great delight in hunting, I frequently went to a country-house of my father's, to take that diversion. There one day, when I had been long in the pursuit of a deer, being separated from my attendants, and having lost my way in a wood of great extent, after I had rode up and down the forest a while in vain, I felt myself more weary than usual ; and being incommoded by the heat of the day and extream thirst, I sought by-paths unknown to me,
for

for some little brook in the wood, in order to get some refreshment. I found one by good fortune. I alighted, and having tied my horse to a tree, and drank of the stream, I walked gently along the borders of it to find out a place free from the beams of the sun, where I might rest myself for some time. I had gone but a little way with this intention, when I found a most convenient place for my purpose, both in regard to the shade it received from some thick trees, and of the green velvet grass that covered the banks of the rivulet. I saw and chose out a pleasant spot at a distance. It was set with bushes of wild roses, with egglantine and sweet briars. I went for-

ward to it, when, to my surprize, I perceived a young maid, nymph-like, who was there reposing herself. This accident did not at all displease me ; and out of curiosity, conformable to my age, I went softly nearer to take a view of her face. I no sooner beheld it, but I felt myself overawed by most excellent beauty, the lustre of which dazzled my sight, though her eyes were closed in a profound sleep. She was laid in a decent attitude, amongst a confusion of flowers, her head reposed upon her arm. And, will you believe me, her appearance seemed to me so far above all that is mortal, that at first sight I was struck with such a reverence and awe, as we are used to have
for

for something divine. I blest my good fortune, that had brought me to the sight of such an object ; and while I gazed upon her aspect with fixed attention, I felt a flame like soft lightning glide through my bosom ; and suffered my soul to be engaged, without endeavouring to defend its liberty. If we must love beauty, said I secretly, where shall I find it in a more perfect form ; and if the senses have any power to persuade reason, nothing in the world can be more worthy of love than such a charming object. But possibly, added I, that which sleep hides from my knowledge is very different from what it leaves discovered. Those eyes, which are now closed, perhaps

haps are as full of deformed passions, as the rest of the countenance is of sweetness. And the mind, whose beauties, as well as those of the body, ought to contribute to the birth of a reasonable love, is possibly as defective, as the person appears full of perfection. I wished to be satisfied, but I durst not awake her : I was afraid to disturb a repose, which already began to be precious to me. I accused that sleep, which robbed me of so many treasures, without having the boldness to interrupt it.

At length perceiving she began to awake, I hastily receded some paces, for fear of being surprised so nearly looking upon her, which
my

my regard for her loveliness began to condemn.

At her awaking, she cast her eyes on the nearest objects, and seeing a man in that solitary place, she started up in confusion, and blushed like the roses about her. I was troubled to see her fear, and said, Fair maid ! fear not ; chance has hither led my steps, having lost myself while I was hunting in the forest. She made me no answer, but fled away between the trees with wonderful swiftness. I followed her with my eyes, observing, as far as I could, the way by which she went.

She no sooner disappeared, but a sigh arose from my breast : I seemed deprived of a pleasing light,
2 whose

whose splendor I had rejoiced in for a moment. I ran over in thought, every place where I imagined she might dwell. Thou flyest from me, said I, but in vain. The thickest shade cannot hide thy beauty ; by that I will find thee, wherever thou art concealed.

After so saying, I turned towards the side of the brook, and looked awhile on the flowery spot where she lay. I laid me down near it ; but her sweet idea prevented my taking any slumber, as I had proposed. I had not remained long in this situation, before my attendants, who had sought me a good while through the forest, arrived at the place
where

where I was. I mounted my horse again, and departed with them. From that time I made the most diligent search for her, but to no purpose. At length it so fortuned, that as I was riding one evening by the side of the same forest, I perceived her with a sister of the Sereneists, that had their habitation near the wood, not many furlongs from the sea. Upon my approach, they opened a little door that let into a garden, surrounded with high walls. They both went in hastily, and closed the gate after them. This discovery gave me infinite satisfaction.

These Sereneists are a company of ladies, who lead a recluse life in that part of the country. They
are

142 MEMOIRS of the
are generally ladies of small fortunes, who take to that pleasant retreat : but they may quit it whenever they please, and marry. Their house is situated on a rising ground, that overlooks some vineyards and gardens on one side ; on the other, there is a large prospect of the sea Upon enquiry, I learnt that her name, whom I sought, was Indiasana ; that she was the youngest daughter of a knight of St. Severino, who had impoverished himself to marry her two sisters to two personages of rank, but who had run out their estates ; and that her father being now dead, as well as her mother, her relations had placed her among the Sereneists. My father was very
rich ;

rich ; but as he was yet living, I was not in a condition to propose to marry this young lady, without the assistance of his wealth ; and I knew very well he would never give his consent, because he was excessively fond of high rank and title, and had formed the design to match me with the daughter of a grandee of Spain, the condee of Latmos.

However, difficulties did but encrease my passion ; and the violence of it quickened my ingenuity. I was in the flower of youth : I disguised myself in the habit of a girl ; and taking with me a purse of five hundred dubloons, which I had by me, I went to the Sere-
neists. I deceived the chief lady
with

144 MEMOIRS of the
with a feigned story ; and by the
help of my gold, got admittance
into the house, under the name of
Dorana. My father, whose eldest
son I was, ordered search to be
made every where for me ; but to
no purpose. Indiafana, not know-
ing my sex, conceived a particular
liking and friendship for me. We
passed our time together in read-
ing, walking, and other amuse-
ments. I would fain have assisted
her in working of flowers, and
other ornaments of gold and sil-
ver for the altars. She frequently
endeavoured to teach me, and as
often smiled at my defect of ge-
nius, and want of nicety of hand.
To make some amends, while she
was working, I told her stories of
my

my own invention, setting forth the wonderful effects of love. Sometimes I grew so warm in my relations, that I almost forgot myself while I was speaking ; and she would interrupt me and say, Dorana ! you speak with such warmth and transport, that one would imagine you to feel that love you paint so well. Besides this, I composed songs for her, which she sung to a cittern, such as you there see in her hand, with a sweetness of voice, that would charm my soul into ecstacies. I lived in this manner several months with her, and now was determined at length to discover myself to her, and if possible engage her to marry me privately, and run my

fortunes ; for I was above all dishonourable views. I naturally was inclined to virtue ; and had I not been so, her loveliness and innocence might have been sufficient to inspire it. I waited now only for a favourable moment to reveal my sentiments ; but the Heavens denied me that sweet moment, having destined me to more adventures.

One day, as she was sitting under an olive tree that was shedding its blossoms, and which stood near a lucent stream in the garden, I was beholding her from a window, and repeating these words to myself :

Da

Da be' rami scendea
 Dolce ne la memoria
 Una pioggia di fior soua'l suo grembo ;
 Et ella si sedea
 Humile in tanta gloria,
 Coverta gia de l'amoroso nembo :
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual fu le treccie bionde :
 Ch'oro forbito, e perle
 Eran quel dì a vederle :
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual fu l'onde :
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando pareva dir ; qui regna amore.

Th' admiring boughs, in fragrant show'rs,
 Shed on her lap a thousand flow'rs ;
 While, modest as her charms are great,
 She humble mid such glory fate :
 Some blossoms grac'd her garment fair,
 And some the tresses of her hair,
 Which then seem'd beauteous to behold,
 As rich enamel laid on gold.

Some on the ground's gay verdure came,
Some floated on the crystal stream,
Some circling through the air did rove,
And seem'd to say, "This is the realm of love."

While in admiration of her I was repeating these verses, on a sudden two men armed rushed into the garden, who immediately seized and carried off Indiasana towards the sea. I alarmed the house, but to no purpose: I ran down into the garden, and followed them through the gate they went out at; but they soon had got aboard a boat that waited for them, and rowed away for a galley, which I presently knew to be an Algerine. I did not return to the Sereneists, but stole away privately; and changing my disguise, went

went back to my father's house. But there I found a strange alteration. My father seemed more surprised than pleased to see me again; for my younger brother was now all his attention. He had settled his estate upon him, and married him to a niece of the prince of Poggione, an heiress very rich. My mind being filled with the idea of Indiafana, and not setting any value on the world without her, at my father's desire, and not to give him trouble, I agreed with him to give up my title to his estate, provided he would put me in immediate possession of twenty thousand gold ducats; with the interest of which sum I proposed to go travel in search of

Indiasana. He willingly accepted my offer, and paid me the sum, which I put into good hands. In the mean time certain news arrived, that the Algerine, which had carried off Indiasana, having been driven out of her course by stress of weather, had anchored near the island to take in fresh water; that two of the crew looking over the garden wall, had spied Indiasana, were struck with her beauty, and resolved to carry her off for the seraglio of the dey; but that the Turks in their return were intercepted by a Spanish vessel, which had chased them beyond their own ports, and driven their galley ashore on the coast of the kingdom of Granada. I now
con-

conceived hopes of finding Indiana again. I left the island ; and embarking on board a vessel bound for Malaga, I landed at that port. I enquired concerning the Turkish ship that had been driven ashore upon the coast of that kingdom ; but could gain no tidings of her. At length, after having travelled four days, making the same enquiry to no purpose, and suspecting now that the account I had heard was not true, I began to be more than ever troubled in my mind, when my hopes were again revived at Almeria, where I arrived that evening. There I got intelligence, that the Spanish vessel had taken all who were in the Algerine, and carried them to Ali-

cant. I had now some glimmering hope; but it soon vanished; for arriving at Alicant, I was informed that all the Algerine prisoners were in the castle of Alicant, except a young lady of great beauty, whom they had with them, and who had been carried away by a lady of rank who was passing through Alicant. I asked the persons who gave me this information, whether they could remember the name? They answered, that it was the duchess of Braganza; and that she had taken the way to the kingdom of Leon, as they had learned from the servants. I went to Leon, but could get no intelligence. In short, I wandered over all Spain
and

and Portugal in a fruitless search ; and came at length back again to Granada. When, behold how Heaven directs events ! one day as I was crossing that kingdom, I stopped by the side of a great forest, to shelter myself from the excessive heat. My servants had hardly unbridled the mules for refreshment, when I saw a company of hunters pass by ; and a little after several women, among whom I thought I discovered Indiasana. She was in a hunting dress, and distinguished from all the rest by a coronet of gold. She passed by me so swiftly, that I could not be sure whether my conjectures were well founded. After a little refreshment, I rode along the side

154 M E M O I R S of the
of the forest, till I came to a small
house, pleasantly situated amongst
a few trees. By the sign set out
at the door, I found it was a sort
of inn, where they sold wines.
The master of the house was a
grave old man, dressed in an old
rusty coat of green velvet. I asked
him what that company was which
I had seen pass by in the forest.
He answered, It was the duchess
of Alanza, with her hunting at-
endants; and that he was her
game-keeper. Where, said I, is
the duke? The duke, replied he,
is dead, and has left this young
duchess the possession of this estate
during her life. He was an old
man when he married her, and fell
in love with her through a strange
ad-

adventure. An Algerine was taken by a vessel belonging to the duke of Alanza, and among the captives was this young lady of excellent beauty. It happened, that the old duchess of Alanza was passing through Alicant, when the duke's vessel put in there with his prisoners. She saw this young lady; and taking a liking to her person, carried her away with her to Leon, where the duke then was. She was presented to him, the duchess at the same time telling him where she had met with her; and that she was the daughter of a knight of St. Severino in Sicily: that both her parents being dead, and she having but a small fortune, her relations had entered her into
the

156 MEMOIRS of the
the sisterhood of Sereneists in that
island ; and that she had been
taken away from thence by an
Algerine, who had landed near
the garden of their house. The
duke was so pleased with her per-
son, that he placed her near his
duchess, and sent to Sicily to exa-
mine the truth of what he had
heard. All was confirmed ; upon
which the duke gave her the
choice either to stay with the du-
chess, or return to her former situa-
tion. She had soon contracted a
great friendship with the duchess,
so resolved to stay where she was.
The duchess of Alanza died about
two years after ; but the duke
would not part with Indiasana (for
that was her name) and in a short
time

time married her. He lived about two years only ; and having no children by this young duchess, he left her this noble house and estate for her life. At the name of Indafana, what transport of joy did I feel ! Heaven, thought I, has now made me more than sufficient amends for all my trouble. One look of her will make me forget all the pains of so long an absence. I immediately conceived the mistake of the name of Braganza for Alanza. I then considered by what means I should introduce myself to her. I went to Guadix, that being the next town. There I hired a well-furnished lodging. I bought me an handsome hunting suit, being a short blue coat, embroidered

broidered with gold. I constantly attended the duchess when she went a hunting, which was one of her favourite diversions. She took notice of me ; and being informed that I was a stranger travelling through Spain, one day as our chase led us near her castle, she very civilly sent to invite me to dinner. I was conducted into a room, where were several ladies. She told me she was herself a stranger in the kingdom of Granada, and took pleasure in entertaining strangers who passed by her castle ; and that as she had heard I loved hunting, she hoped I would make use of her woods, while I staid at Guadix. I thanked her with the greatest demonstrations

tions of respect; and soon after we sat down to dinner. It was almost impossible for her to recollect me: we had been separated six years; and grief, fatigue, and sun-burn had altered my features and complexion. While we were at our repast, I often surprised her eyes fixed upon me, and she seemed to examine my face with more than common curiosity. When she perceived I observed her, she blushed, and turned her face and discourse another way; while I thought I discovered in her look a secret emotion, which she endeavoured to hide. After dinner, she politely questioned me concerning my name, my family,
and

and country. I was charmed to enjoy her company thus, awhile unknown; so would not discover myself at once. Besides, as heretofore I had thought her of good rank, and but small fortune, and yet would have shared, had it been in my power, my large fortunes with her; so now, through a capriciousness of love, I had a mind to try if I could engage her to love me as I had loved her. I concealed my country, and my birth, and told her that I was born in the state of Lucca, of an antient family; but that, being a younger brother, I had but a small fortune. After this short account she changed the discourse: and while
the

the company went to several amusements, I took the opportunity to see the apartments.

After this first interview, she used frequently to invite me to her parties of pleasure; and under pretence of enquiring concerning my travels, betrayed a secret pleasure in discoursing with me. I often painted forth my own sentiments in stories of my own invention. I had a fertile imagination, which furnished me sufficiently with histories for that purpose. She, in her turn, gave me an account of her living among the Sereneists; of her friendship for Dorana; and their mutual affection. Scarce was I able to contain myself when I heard her speak; I was

just ready to throw off all disguise ; but my false delicacy required, as I have said, that she should do for me, what I would have done for her ; and I was quickly satisfied.

A day being appointed for hunting a wild boar in the forest, we set out with her usual retinue. When we came to the scene of sport, which was a wood between two high mountains, there we alighted and took our several stations. I took mine near the duchess, who remained on her steed, a bright bay, with trappings of silver ; and in her hand she held a zagaggia, or Moorish javelin. And now the boar was roused from his covert : the hounds opened,

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the

the French-horns sounded, and mixing with the shouts of the huntsmen, made a most chearful music, which was returned from the echoing hills. Presently we saw the boar of a monstrous size, come on, gnashing his teeth and tusks all white with foam; and being closely pursued by the dogs and huntsmen, he made furiously towards the place where the duchess stood. The duchess, who had been used to the sport, lanced her javelin at him, and wounded him in the shoulder. This made him more furious; and immediately, as their custom is, he turned him to the duchess, who had wounded him. The duchess's horse, though used to the sport,

was terrified; and drawing back, found the stump of a tree in his way that overthrew him. Indiana fell on her side, and the boar was ready with his tusks to revenge the blood her javelin had drawn from him. Judge what was my trouble, when I beheld her danger. I rushed on the wings of love between her and the savage; and was so lucky, that with my hanger I pierced his heart. He fell at the feet of the duchess, who was already risen from the ground. She had not been hurt in the fall; but as for me, I had received a wound in my thigh, from one of the boar's tusks. She ordered me to be brought to the castle, and a splendid apartment

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 165

to be prepared for me. She sent me word, that she desired I would stay at the castle till my wound was healed ; that it was the least she could offer to a person, to whom, in all probability, she owed her life. You may easily imagine how willingly I accepted the offer. I sent her word, by her confidante, that I thought myself happy in having preserved a life so precious ; and that it was an encrease of that happiness, that she would suffer me, even for a little time, to be so near her person. I was attended with the utmost care and diligence ; and every thing was sent me that the greatest person could command.

Amongst other things, which she proposed for my amusement, she bade her woman ask me, if one of her attendants should entertain me with some music. I answered, that it would be a relief to my pain. Accordingly, that evening, a most sweet voice sung these words in Spanish to a guitar:

I'm there with thee, and here with me thou

Lodg'd in each other's heart: [art,

Miracles cease not yet in love,

When he his mighty pow'r will try,

Absence itself does bounteous prove,

And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.*

* These words are Mr. Cowley's; but as they answer exactly to the sense of the Spanish, I thought I could not do better than make use of them.

I was

I was charmed with the voice,
and much more when I knew it
again to be Indiafana's; and I re-
membered I had taught her those
words, when we were among the
Sereneists.

The next day, upon a piece of
Indian paper, which I found on a
table of Japan, I wrote with a
pencil the following words, and
begged that the person who sung
the evening before would sing them
to the guitar.

Me, with thy purple wings, Love! hide,
While I approach Selinda fair,
Secret to view her beauty's pride,
Her pleasing words and strains to hear.

Mean time, thou in her ear impart,

How for her charms Amyntas dies;

Then touch her with thy golden dart,

And off her lover throw disguise.

The duchess did as I desired,
not imagining I knew it was she
that sung.

This behaviour of hers satisfied
me that she loved me, and I re-
solved to make myself known to
her the first time I waited on her.
I soon got well of my wound; and
having drest myself elegantly, I
was conducted to the apartment
where she was. After I had re-
turned her thanks for her munifi-
cent care of me, she desired me
to sit down—then thus resumed
her speech:—I have an offer to
make

make you, which, if I can divine from your actions and words, will not be unacceptable to you. No offer, replied I, can come from your hand, but will be more precious to me than the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Know then, said she, the offer I design to make you is that of my hand: I owe my fortune, whatever it be, to you, because you saved my life, and I am willing to share that fortune with you. I rose up with transport, and taking her by the hand—What offer (said I, looking steadfastly upon her blushes) can be so acceptable to your Dorana? Ah, Indiafana, have you then forgot me? She looked upon me, she

she knew me, and, conjecturing all the rest, was so overcome with surprize and joy, that she fainted into my arms. I called some of her attendants, and we soon brought her to herself. I sat down by her; I told her my family, my adventures, and all the effects that love had produced in me. Our nuptials, in a few days, were celebrated with pomp and magnificence.

I thought no more of the fortune I had given up; I was in possession of Indiasana, and my happiness was complete: but, alas! this happiness lasted but a short time. Indiasana was taken from me in about three years after our
mar-

marriage. I gave myself up to excessive sorrow : nor consolation of friends, nor any diversion, could charm my griefs. When as I was walking one day in the forest, I sat down in a bower, I had formed there with myrtle trees, and fell into a short sleep ; when, methought, Indiafana appeared to me. She was drest in a veil, spangled with stars : her face, tho' adorned with celestial splendor and an immortal bloom, was well known to me. She seemed to wipe off my tears, and say, Forbear, my Love ! these fruitless sorrows for me : behold how exalted, how beautiful I appear. One day we shall meet again in the empyrean region, where

where Love eternal reigns, if your vain passion prevent it not. I desire you, therefore, whenever you look upon my portrait, to reflect on this vision, and to testify your joy with a pleasant countenance. Thus having said, she drew her rays about her, like a golden shrine, and closed herself from my sight. I wakened in a rapture, and, lifting up my hands, I cried out, O Indiafana, Indiafana ! my only comfort is the hope of seeing you again. Your felicity has already begun mine. It was no vain dream : I saw and knew again that grace, that dignity, that modesty, with which you were always adorned. Death in you has
not

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 173

not made any change, save that an immortal beauty has taken place of one fading and mortal. You are exalted, and crowned with a divine splendor; and to your former excellent dispositions are added the transports of an heavenly joy. I know, that in those superior regions your happiness will not be complete, till I share it with you. Those who have loved each other truly, will love for ever. True love is a celestial flame, that will burn and shine when time and death shall be no more.

After the death of Indiasana, I formed to myself a new plan of happiness. My father was dead :
I went

I went to see my brother, who would have had me live with him; but I resolved upon retreat and study. I had inherited large riches from my wife: I settled them all upon two children I had by her, a boy and a girl; and made my retreat here on the banks of the Guadalquivir, among the Villadorians, who have chosen me for their head. I sometimes go to see the offspring of Indiana, and am pleased to behold her likeness revive in them.

Here Sophron ended his history, which gave us great pleasure, and confirmed the countess and me in our mutual affection and tenderness.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

THE sage treated us with an excellent repast, and invited to it several Villadorian ladies, to keep the countess company. The conversation was sprightly, sensible, and polite. I took particular notice of a little woman, who, tho' at least fifty years of age, charmed all present. She was not handsome; but she was agreeable, and was possessed of those ever new and ever blooming charms, which are not to be found in beauty alone. She was the daughter of a rich Greek merchant of Alexandria. Her father dying, she married a Villadorian, who

176 M E M O I R S of the
who at that time traded to Grand
Cairo.

After this regale, Sophron carried us to see the dramatic entertainments of the Villadorians. The theatre was magnificent, and the decorations pompous. The philosopher directed a tragedy to be acted, which one of the Villadorians had lately composed. The subject was Donna Bianca, queen of Arragon, whom the king her husband, Pedro the Cruel, unjustly caused to be put to death. Sophron, having placed us in a seat most convenient for seeing and hearing, took his seat near us, and explained to us his design in encouraging such representations.

The

The theatre, said the sage, is a living picture of the virtues and passions of men: imitation deceives the mind into a belief that the objects are really present, and not represented. The drama is only an abridgment of epic poesy. The one is an action recited; the other, an action represented. The one recounts the successive triumphs of virtue over vice and fortune; the other represents the unforeseen mischiefs caused by the passions: the one may abound with the marvellous and supernatural, because it treats of heroic exploits, which Heaven alone inspires; but in the other, the natural must be joined with the

178 MEMOIRS of the
surprising, to shew the genuine
effects and play of human pas-
sions. The heaping of wonders
upon wonders transports the mind
beyond the limits of nature;
but it only excites admiration:
on the contrary, by describing the
effects of virtue and vice, both
without us and within us, man
is brought to see and know him-
self; the heart is touched, while
the mind is delighted and amused.
To reach the sublime, the poet
must be a philosopher. The
most beautiful flowers, graces,
and paintings, only please the
imagination, without satisfying the
heart, or improving the under-
standing. Solid principles, noble
sen-

sentiments, and various characters, must be dispersed throughout, in order to display to us truth, virtue, and nature. Man must be represented as he is, and as he appears, in his native colours, and under his disguises, that the picture may resemble the original, in which there is always a contrast of virtues and imperfections. At the same time it is necessary to conform to the weakness of mankind: too much moralizing tires, too much reasoning chills the mind. We must turn maxims into action, convey noble sentiments by a single stroke, and instruct rather by the manners of the hero than by his discourse.

These are the great rules founded upon human nature, and the springs which must be put in motion, to make pleasure servicable to instruction. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to think of leading it to wisdom at once by constraint and severity. During the sprightliness and fire of youth, there is no fixing the attention of the mind, but by amusing it. This age is always upon its guard against precepts; and therefore, that they may be relished, it is necessary to disguise them under the form of pleasure.

While Sophron was thus speaking, the theatre was filled with the

the Villadorians, their wives, and youth of both sexes, who made a very brilliant appearance. The play was performed to admiration by the young Villadorians; they had nature, fire, and good sense in their pronounciation and action. She who represented queen Bianca was a lovely young lady, about fourteen years of age. She was drest, according to her innocence and name, in silver tiffue. Her complexion was fair, her eyes blue, and the rays, that sparkled from her aspect, were united with those of a starry diadem. Her locks hung in buckles on her white neck and smooth shoulders; her

182 MEMOIRS of the
step and motions were graceful,
and full of dignity. I cannot
liken her better than to the
person of Venus in the Æneid:

—She turn'd and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;
Which flowing from her shoulders reach'd
the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping
gown,
And by her graceful walk the Queen of
Love is known.

The play was attended with ap-
plause of hands, and accompanied
with excellent music. I never
was better entertained in my life.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

WE spent some time with the sage Villadorian in his retreat. In the mean while Sophron laid open to us the treasures and ornaments of nature, and the sublime doctrines of religion.

One while he made us observe and admire the structure and beauty of the earth. If we look down upon the earth, said he, we behold a ruin indeed; but such a one as still retains some marks, though obscure, of its antient magnificence. It crowns itself with harvests; it adorns itself

184 MEMOIRS of the
with verdure to chear our sight;
it nourishes, together with man,
the beasts that serve or nourish
him. All things are renewed
again every year. The trees af-
ford a pleasant shade from the
heats of summer, and fire to tem-
per the cold of winter. The
groves are filled with variety of
natural music. The blossoms,
that embellish nature, promise the
fruits. The fruits of delicious
flavour and taste, drop into our
hands at the usual seasons. The
riches of the field spread abun-
dantly immediately before the sea-
son, whose rigour suspends labour.
The streams fall in foaming cas-
cades from the mountains. The
rivers,

rivers, after having watered and enriched divers countries, and facilitated commerce, precipitate themselves into the sea. The sea, far from depriving men of all society, is, on the contrary, the center of commerce between the most distant nations.

Another time he carried us with him into the bowels of the earth, and shewed us the treasures therein contained. The several antient nations, said he, who conquered Spain, were, in their turns, enriched by the treasures which the country produced from its mines, as rich as those of Mexico and Peru. The silver mines of Spain are still far from
being

186 MEMOIRS of the
being exhausted; there are some
in the province of Estramadura,
that yield plenty of ore.

The mines of Peru and Castella
del Oro are esteemed now the
richest in the world, yielding gold
and silver in abundance, and not
being destitute of other metals;
insomuch that the natives of Peru,
and the Spaniards, used to boast,
that this kingdom was founded
upon gold and silver. There were
formerly mines about the town of
Quito, which produced more gold
than earth. And when the Spa-
niards made their first expedition
into the golden country, they
found several houses, especially in
the regal city, Cusco, which were
all

all covered over within and without with plates of maffy gold; and the officers of the Peruvian forces not only wore filver armour, but all their arms were made of pure gold. The most rich and advantageous mine of filver is in the mountains of Potosi, where twenty thousand workmen are daily employed to dig it, and carry it up at least four hundred steps. These mines produce that vast quantity of gold and filver, which the king of Spain receives out of America every year; and which he keeps fortified with strong forts and garri-
sons.

In

In Guinea there are several mountains that produce gold ; but they are remote from the shore ; and the gold dust which is brought from thence, is not dug out of the ground, but gathered up and down by the natives. Their inland kings possess each his mine ; the product of which he sells to the neighbouring merchants, and they again to others, till it reaches the sea-shore, where it is exchanged with the Europeans.

I pass over the mines of Germany, of which some produce small quantities of gold, others silver in abundance, and a great many of them copper, iron, lead, vitriol,

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 189
vitriol, antimony. These you
have seen.

Sweden is enriched with the
best copper mine of any hitherto
discovered. It is in a vast high
mountain, out of which as much
copper is dug as makes up a third
part of the king's revenue.

There are mines of precious
stones found in the island of Cey-
lon, and also in Congo (where
there is a silver mine) and so much
fine marble, that the earth under
ground is thought to be all mar-
ble.

In the kingdom of Golconda, in
India, there are mines which yield
precious stones, especially dia-
monds in abundance. These are
the

190 MEMOIRS of the
the richest mines I can recollect.
The world (added he, addressing
himself to the countess) was
framed, at first, of such rich ma-
terials; and the gold and precious
gems we find are but the reliques
of that antient world.

After this he raised our thoughts
to the stars, and shewed us the
different forms and motions of
those great luminaries; and was
pleased to see the countess look
through his telescopes and ob-
serve them.

One evening after supper, and
our usual concert of music, we
went to take a walk upon the
banks of the sea. The air, from
the heat of the preceding day, was
ex-

extremely refreshing, the moon about an hour high, and her lustre, between the trees, made a most agreeable mixture of light and shade. The stars were arranged in all their glory, and not a cloud appeared throughout the hemisphere. Such was the beauteous serenity of the night, when the sage Villadorian began to unveil to the countess the starry worlds; for to her he particularly addressed himself.

That noble expanse, which appears farthest from the earth where we reside, is called the Heavens, that azure firmament, where the stars are fastened like so many golden nails. They are called *Fixed Stars,*

192 MEMOIRS of the
Stars, because they seem to have
no other motion than that of the
horizon, which carries them with
itself from east to west.

Between the earth and this great
blue vault, as one may call it,
hang, at different heights, the
sun and the moon, with the other
five stars, Mercury, Venus, Mars,
Jupiter, Saturn, which we call
the planets. These planets not
being fastened to the same heaven,
and having very unequal motions,
have divers aspects and positions;
whereas the *Fixt Stars*, in respect
of one another, are always in the
same situation. The seven stars,
for example, which you see in the
north, have been, and ever will
be,

Chevalier P I E R P O I N T. 193
be, as they are now : but the moon
is sometimes nearer the sun, and
sometimes at a greater distance
from it ; and so are the rest of the
planets. Thus things appeared to
the old Chaldean shepherds, whose
great leisure under their serene
sky, as some think, produced the
first observations, **which** have since
been the foundation of astronomy ;
while others are of opinion, that
astronomy was best **known** among
the Arabians, whose country is in
a great measure barren and deso-
late ; whose climate is so scorch-
ing, that they can hardly stir
abroad in the day, and whose de-
light it is to lie on their house-
tops in the night, contemplating

VOL. I.

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the

194 MEMOIRS of the
the heavenly bodies that roll over
their heads with such amazing
splendor. Geometry sprung from
Ægypt, where the inundations of
the Nile, confounding the bounds
of the fields, occasioned the invent-
ing more exact measures to distin-
guish every one's land from that
of his neighbour's. So that astro-
nomy may be said to be the daugh-
ter of admiration of the works of the
great Theondoron; geometry, the
offspring of self-interest: and if we
examine poetry, we shall find her
to be the offspring of divine love.
I am glad, said the countess, to
have learned the genealogy of the
sciences. But how is poetry the
daughter of divine love? Poetry,
an-

answered the philosopher, is a more serious and useful art than is commonly imagined. Religion consecrated it to its own use, from the beginning of the world; before men had a word of sacred scripture. The songs they learned by heart, preserved the remembrance of the creation, and the tradition of the wonderful works of the great Theondoron. Nothing can equal the magnificence and transport of the songs of Moses. The sacred writings are full of poetry, even in those places where there is not the least appearance of versification. Thus you see how poetry is the off-

196 MEMOIRS of the
spring of grateful love to Theon-
doron.

The countess then asked him concerning the worship of the stars, and the rise of astrology. Of which he gave the following account.

We are, said he, a race of fallen intelligences.--Angels, than whom we were formed a little lower in glory, did at first converse familiarly with us. A part of these staid, after the great transgression, having become enamoured with the daughters of men, who had not yet lost all their original beauty and brightness: and from them sprung a race, half human,
half

half divine : of which the heathens shew they had a tradition, by the fabulous relations of their demi-gods. Others of these excellent beings withdrew from men. But men did a long time retain, from tradition the remembrance of those bright intelligences, and besought their protection and influence, when invisible. They thought them ascended to the stars, their habitation. Hence sprung the worship of the stars and planets, or of those intelligences that were thought to inhabit them. Hence also astrology, or the consulting the stars concerning future events. Thus men made gods of those intelligences,

O 3

gences, with whom they had at first conversed as with their fellow-creatures, though of a superior order. They applied to them for assistance; they watched their aspects, observing whether they shewed a mild lustre, or an angry flushing, and the like; and drew presages from thence. It is said of the antient Chaldeans, that they had no other gods but the stars*, to whom they made statues and images: those which they made to the sun, were of gold; those to the moon, of silver: and so to the rest of the planets they

* This account of star-worship and astrology I have met with no where but among the Villadorians.

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 199
made images of the several metals
they had dedicated to them.

He then proceeded again to the
planets. He described the antient
system of Ptolomy, who placed
the earth in the center of the
universe, and made all the planets
and stars turn round it. The cry-
stal heaven, that moved in a con-
trary direction to the sphere of
fixt stars.

He next explained the Coperni-
can system, that removed the
earth from the honourable place it
was in before, and set the sun
there in its stead, making the
planets to turn round that glorious
luminary, from whence they draw
their light. With his telescopes,

he shewed the countess, Saturn and his five moons; also the luminous ring that surrounds him.

Then Jupiter, that has three golden belts about him, and four moons in his attendance. The philosopher said, he thought Jupiter so fine a planet, that it had never suffered any alteration since its being set in the heavens.

Now I thoroughly understand, interrupted the countess, what a great Italian poet has in a description of the flight of an angel down to earth. I will repeat it to you.

For his grand flight his golden vans he
spreads, [exceeds.

So swift their motion ev'n all thought
He

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 201

He pass'd the fire and light, fixt glorious feat
Of happy souls in their empyrean state;
The crystal pure, the sphere that's 'gainst
it turn'd,
And all with stars, as with bright gems,
adorn'd.

Then saw where, circling from the left
hand, move

The radiant orbs of Saturn and of Jove,
Diff'rent in work and show: then others
deem'd

Stars wand'ring, but unjustly wand'ring
nam'd;

If there some bright Intelligence **presides**,
Informs their bodies, and their motion guides.
And after, from the lightsome fields that
flame

With an eternal day, the angel came,
With downward wing, to that æthereal plain,
Whence thunders lighten, clouds descend in
rain:

Where

Where the world's nurs'd by elemental strife,
Subsists, dissolves, dies, and springs up to life.

Where'er he came, his presence glory
brings,

The dark air fanning with his gorgeous
wings.

Night's shades were gilded by the beams
divine,

That streaming from his sparkling visage
shine.

So, after rain, the sun-beams oft unfold,
And fringe the clouds with purple and with
gold.

To the great Mother's lap a star's so seen,
Descending radiant thro' the blue serene.

Here we have the empyrean,
the crystal heaven, the fixt stars,
and then the planets, as in your
antient system,

What

What you observe, said the philosopher, is very true; you have them all in that grand description. The sage, in the next place, spoke of the fixt stars, as being so many suns enlightening a number of worlds, that lost us in immensity, and confounded the imagination. He assured her, that all the planets were inhabited: shewed her the milky way, a constellation of an innumerable number of stars together. A poet, added he, speaking of a beautiful woman, makes use of this comparifon :

Her face resembles the bright milky way,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

And another, speaking of a lady's
mind,

204 M E M O I R S of the
mind, adorned with several bright
virtues, says,

'Tis like the milky way, sown thick with
stars.

We are much obliged, said the
countess, to those gentlemen the
poets for their complaisance to our
sex.

The sage Villadorian thus en-
tertained us, till it grew towards
that time of night which Torquato
Tasso, in his second book of the
Jerusalemme, describes in these
beautiful verses:

Now night had spread her spangled
canopy,
The weary world did all in silence lie,
Hush'd were the winds and waves, serenely
bright the sky.

The

The fishes, which the liquid lakes contain,
That swim the azure kingdoms of the main;
The flocks and herds on grassy couches laid,
The painted birds, amid the sylvan shade,
Under the shadows, in oblivion deep,
Sweeten'd their hearts, and lull'd their cares
asleep.

When, looking towards the sea,
we perceived an object that took
all our attention. It was a great
fire, that arose from the waves.
The flames, in some places, mixed
with thick smoke, rolled them-
selves in great volumes towards
the stars, and shot their sparks
upwards so fiercely, that, so to
speak, they seemed to contest for
splendor with those lights with
which the blue firmament was
then

206 M E M O I R S of the
then embroidered. We all immediately guessed it must be some vessel on fire; and began to deplore their misfortunes who were involved in that combustion. We stood looking upon it, till crimson was beginning to glow in the East, and the flames grew pale at the approach of morning; when suddenly we discovered two persons making towards the shore, which they saw already near them. One was a woman, who was sitting on a mast; the other a man, who, swimming after it with all his power impelled it towards the shore. I presently stripped into my fatten waistcoat and silk drawers, and threw myself into the
the

the sea. As I could swim well, I in a little time reached the mast, and bidding the man employ what strength he had left to gain the land, I took hold of the mast, and drove it before me with such success, that I quickly found a bottom. Then releasing the lady from the mast to which she was fastened, I led her to the land, where the man in a short time arrived. I had no sooner brought the lady, who seemed to have been richly dressed, on the bank of the sea, than she let herself fall, being faint with fatigue; nor could command force enough to return thanks to me, even with a look. Sophron immediately hastened

ed home, whence he presently returned with cordials and some reviving perfumes; by the help of which we brought the lady to herself, and then conducted her to the habitation of the philosopher. An apartment was ordered for her, and apparel, such as was suitable to one of rank; for such she seemed by her dress and appearance. We left her to her repose, and all withdrew to rest.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.







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